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The Unforgettable Years

by

Clara Pugh Matthis

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THE UNFORGETTABLE YEARS

by

CLARA PUGH MATTHIS

A Record of the Activities of the First Presbyterian Church
Durham, North Carolina, During the War Years, 1941 -- 1945.

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DEDICATION

To the Nation's Finest ---- the Service Men of the First Presbyterian Church ---- both sons and visitors, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

Getting into it.

Everything has a beginning and it is an old custom to have an introduction:

While to those familiar with the war work of the First Presbyterian Church this book needs no introduction, there are others to whom its title will have little or no meaning, so for their benefit a brief explanation is in order.

There were a number of friends who beguiled me in to writing this story. Their arguments were that while I was constantly on the scene of action I could give them an eye witness account of the work done by the First Presbyterian Church for Service men in those epochal years 1941-1945.

For the past year as I have worked long but pleasant hours on this Manuscript I have forgiven them, but I have also realized that writing is a profession and it is not mine, however instead of attempting to acquire a literary style I have tried to tell in an informal way of our efforts for the Service men. To revive memories dear to many of us, to reflect the spirit with which we worked. Also to recount interesting events and to recreate the atmosphere as far as possible in which they occurred.

In writing I have mentioned many persons who assisted in the program. There were many others without whose assistance we could not have carried on and whose names are not mentioned, but whose services are warmly remembered and deeply appreciated-however those who contributed to the success of our work really need no words of mine, for they have their reward in the joy of their service and in the knowledge of a job well done.

Throughout the book there are many letters - to those who wonder why I use them, let me say that this book would never have been written were it not for the large number of letters from persons more important than the author. In this instance the scripture text is reversed; the letter giveth life. For verily those letters were a "bright interlude" amid the darkness, keeping our spirits and our hopes high and our faith verdant, infusing life into the entire program.

Clara P. Matthis

Acknowledgements

Many new words were coined or perhaps it would be more accurate to say "expressions were coined "during the war - Such as "Ground Forces," which designated those men who aspired to fly, nevertheless stayed on the ground and kept the wheels oiled, the machinery in order and were most essential to every flight made and every air battle won.

So it is with those who kept the "home fires burning," working indefatigably on the home front, while they too longed to do something more glamorous and exciting.

Our members were leaders in the Civilian Defense Program, which was recognized as the most efficient in the country; in The Red Cross and all of its branches of Service-such as Canteen, Surgical dressing, Sewing Room, Transportation and Home service. Many of our women took the course and qualified as Gray Ladies, giving a day each week to the hospital at Camp Butner.

The American woman's volunteer Services, was led and largely staffed by members of this church, they acted as hostesses at the U.S.O.; chaperoned groups of girls to dances at Camp Butner; sold War Bonds; served on the Draft Board, and assisted in registering men for the various drafts. Indeed we might continue indefinitely, listing their deeds for so many and praise worthy were the services which our members rendered during the war. But that is another story which will perhaps be written someday, and which we hope will do justice to that great civilian army the "Ground Forces."

This is merely an acknowledgement of their splendid contribution to our Defense Program, and a passing tribute to their sacrificial service.

After completing the Manuscript I ask Douglas Morehead whose journalistic experience and ability are only exceeded by her kindness - to give it the benefit of her "Master Touch."

And then Dr. C. S. Sydnor cast his kindly approving eye over the whole and suggested a few changes which I am sure have added to the effectiveness of the work and for which I am most grateful.

As for the preparation of this book, my indebtedness to my friends "the Business Women" for their stenographic assistance in giving of their time and talents they made possible the several typings necessary before the manuscript was ready for the printer.

Zoe Young, Clara Murray, Virginia Antrim, Betty Rogers, Marjorie Scarlett, Julia Tilley, Aurelia Dukes.

In all stages of preparation for the printer the contribution of Marie Penny, who spent long hours typing the original draft is also valued.

While acknowledging special services in connection with this volume, I cannot fail to say that it never could have been prepared without the encouragement and approval of the Session and the full cooperation of the Board of Deacons.

Finally, the author wishes to record her debt of gratitude to Dr. Regen who helped and sustained her at every stage of its formation; contributing ideas and suggestions. Also, for his many stimulating, illuminating discussions concerning the book and for encouragement to place on paper its contents.

Now for fear of an omission the author desires to express her sincere and grateful thanks to all those who assisted in the completion of this book.

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MANEUVERS

It was in the fall of '41, when the First and Fourth Army Corps came to the sandhill area of North Carolina on maneuvers, that we had our initiation in entertaining "soldiers", as they were called in that day.

These young men, giving a year of service to their country, literally poured into our city over the weekends and were received so cordially that "Southern hospitality" ceased to be just a phrase and became a reality to those who had come to the South for the first time.

While the visitors did not find the traditional Southern plantations with white Colonial mansions - much of the material splendor of the old South having passed away - they did find the traditional Southern spirit still very much alive. And they responded to it as evidenced by the fulsome praises, which if not entirely sincere showed that they had lost no time in adopting Southern ways. Nowhere else, they said, had they been received so cordially; in no other state had they been helped along the way by automobile rides or given the freedom of homes as in North Carolina. Greensboro, according to one man, was a "soldier's heaven" - a remark which immediately aroused the greeneyed monster in our bosom, nor did it subside until they said even nicer things about us, the First Presbyterian Church of Durham.

But we worked for our plaudits - we, our Church that is, immediately assumed responsibility for placing fifty men in the homes of its members for each week-end during that period.

We entertained from seventy to one hundred fifty guests at supper in the church house on Saturday evenings. We set up extra beds in the Prophet's Chamber and guest rooms, so eight could be slept in our building, then we always had gracious hostesses waiting in the vestibule after church to take our guest home for dinner. This sometimes brought on housekeeping dilemmas, for the soldiers traveled in tribal fashion, so when four men were invited by one hostess she often found herself taking six home. But every one from children to grandmothers clamored for soldiers - the more the merrier - even if food ran short.

However the Saturday nights were the real gala events. We had plenty of food - the day of ration points was yet to come. We had girls, perhaps not always enough to go around, but at least a sufficient number to give the feminine touch.

"The Parson" was always present, and extended a cordial greeting to the men. "You are all welcome here", he said, "and we want you to have a good time. We'll have another affair like this next

Saturday and we hope you will come back, and if you haven't a place to stay let us know and we will arrange for you to be a guest in one of our homes for overnight and dinner tomorrow."

After supper a friendly familiarity prevailed as some played games, and others gathered about the piano for singing. Conversation, however, seemed to head the list in entertainment; good natured jibes were exchanged; some engaged in heated discussions as controversial subjects arose, but always with a lively, intelligent patriotism. Mostly they talked about the joy of stretching out between clean sheets, the luxury of a bath, the State, the town, and the cotton they had never seen before, of the planting and curing of tobacco - "We've seen that in movies" they chorused. They had also seen in the movies the legendary plantations, complete with magnolias, beautiful girls in the moonlight, and Southern gentlemen sipping their frosted mint juleps. While those scenes could not be recaptured - even for such appreciative guests - they did provide topics for conversation.

The classic grammatical joke of "you all" received its usual recognition and response, but as usual we failed to convince them of our nice discrimination in its use. They hated to give up all their ullusions.

The Church House parlors were equipped with books, magazines, stationery, post cards, stamps, cigarettes, table games, a record player, and other fireside interests. They provided a homelike atmosphere for the visitors, and those of us who watched from the sidelines were moved to strange exhilaration by the sheer joy of the men, who, quickened and enriched by new contacts with life, aside from the enjoyment of the physical equipment, had abundant opportunity to observe life on a different scale and their curiosity awakened concerning many things beyond the range of their former environment.

For example: One Sunday morning the Big Brothers Bible Class extended an invitation to dinner to all the men present at church, announcing that their hosts would meet them immediately after service, whereupon three men from Brooklyn, eager to accept but feeling not quite up to inspection hurried out to get a shower and shoe shine, only to find on their return that the "hosts" had all departed with their guests. But their sartorial efforts did not go for naught; they had dinner in the Church House apartment, and incredible as it sounds this was their first acquaintance with a church and its activities. After looking it over, one of them asked, "are all churches like this?" When we answered in the affirmative, his reply was, "I am certainly going to look for one when I get back to Brooklyn." So they departed, perhaps a little wiser.

There was some also who, being from "the North" felt that they would "get no breaks" but after an invitation into a home their minds

were disabused of any sectional hostility, and they left the happiest of our guests.

They enjoyed home-cooked food. One lad passed his plate the third time saying, "Please give me some fried chicken and remember, lady, you brought this on yourself." Being now replete he mused, "I like your Southern cooking especially I like the hot-uns."

"But I don't understand, what are hot-uns?" his hostess asked.

"Those little round brown things you pass and pass until a fellow can't eat anymore."

The time honored phrase flashed: "Take two and butter 'em while they are hot."

While a different group was convoyed to Durham each weekend, many by hitchhiking returned week after week. "You told us to come back," they said; so we had to rustle around and find homes for them. The generous cooperation of our people made it possible for us to entertain all who came. Those who could not open their homes or had no homes to open, provided rooms elsewhere and paid for meals at the hotels. Mr. J.S. Hill sent several substantial checks; so did Messrs. William Muirhead, William Leggett, Clinton Toms and others.

The circles of the Woman's Auxiliary helped with the suppers. The Business Woman's Circle was particularly active during this time. The girls and young women radiated charm in an atmosphere of gaiety and good fellowship.

This account of the maneuver episode would be incomplete without special mention of its guiding light, Clinton Toms, a staunch supporter of our program, untiring in his efforts on behalf of the service men, giving generously of his time and his means. In emergencies we always turned to him; and whether the need was for equipment, money or moral support, we found him an unfailing source of enthusiasm and encouragement especially when our morale was low. His wise and friendly counsel not only comforted and strengthened us but also kept us out of difficulties. Perhaps we, as well as the community, turned too often to this tower of strength, placing our burdens upon him, for he died very suddenly in the midst of a stupendous Civilian Defense Program, just when we needed him most.

His memory will long be cherished by those who knew him and loved him - to know him was to love him - for his many unheralded deeds of kindness and generosity, his friendly smile, his unfailing loyalty to his church, and for many acts of love and service in the Master's name.

One gracious fact emerging from this early period, was the spirit of friendliness and co-operation between all classes, types,

and religions. The Catholics, Protestants, and Jews worshipped together in our church - although we made it very clear that our hospitality placed them under no such obligation. Always to be remembered was the young man, who after attending early mass in his church, said to his Protestant Hostess, "What time is your mass? I want to go with you."

Many letters received from the men after maneuvers were over, expressing sincere thanks and appreciation for our hospitality. One referred to the inscription on the church house: "Created to the glory of God and for the good of humanity" declaring it was truly serving the purpose for which it was intended.

Two young men succumbed to the charms of two of our lovely entertainers, and the budding romances begun then later blossomed into matrimony, uniting Dorothy Antrim and George Arms; Mary Elizabeth McDonald and I.C. Croft.

Both couples are living happily in our midst, rearing families and actively participating in our church life.

These are just a few of the highlights of those days, brief and only dimly shadowed by coming events.

Then the clock turns to December 7th. While the story of that grim December has been told many times, suffice it to say the excitement among our guests, caused by the news of that unforgettable day was intense, leaving us all in a state of morbid and fearful anxiety.

Here is a summary of the Church's work for the soldier during the maneuver period (6 weeks);(1) Saturday night dinners served to 380 soldiers. (2) Overnight entertainment and Sunday morning breakfast in homes and hotels for 226 soldiers. (3) Approximately 210 soldiers attended our Sunday morning services of worship. (4) 210 soldiers entertained for Sunday dinner in homes and hotels. (5) In addition approximately 100 other soldiers used our reading and writing room facilities where stationery, post cards, stamps, and cigarettes were free of charge. (6)In addition to our normal expenses for light, fuel, and labor, we expended $285.00 on the entertainment of service men.

From time to time letters came from the men who were now scattered all over the country expressing their gratitude and appreciation, which we quote:

"Yes, I came a long way and had many experiences since last fall in Durham. Often I have thought of the happy times we boys had at the "House," Mary's home, the day spent with Mr. & Mrs. Toms, the day spent visiting Duke University and the grounds. How I would love to spend them over again!"

Sincerely,

Tom.

After December 7th, 1941, many of the men who were in Carolina on maneuvers were sent to Fort Bragg, and soon found their way back to us, the same ones returning week after week. And although a heterogeneous group, we felt like a family, and evidently resembled one, for we were having dinner in a local restaurant one evening, with a Jew, a Greek, and an Italian from Brooklyn, when a sentimental old lady came to our table and said in a rather tearful voice, "I know you are the proud mother of these brave young men." Naturally so unexpected a remark was something of a shock. It produced for a moment utter silence, then a happy intuition prompted: "No, I'm not, but I wish I were," which pleased the boys.

In spite of outer differences, a spirit of unselfishness, of understanding, and co-operation existed between these three G.I.'s manifesting itself in all their relationships, but, especially in the efforts of the Greek and the Italian to coach, with artless and unquestioning devotion, the Jew for Officers Training School, which he made.

Immediately upon receiving his commission as second lieutenant, our Jewish friend came to show himself to us, in all his glory. Later, as we walked through the crowds of Main Street on Saturday night, it was thrilling to watch him wholeheartedly and enthusiastically saluting every service man he met. In fact his youthful zest was so contagious others caught it and returned an equally spontaneous salute

That year we had Christmas eve dinner for them and some other regulars, who as a token of their appreciation, generously presented their hostess with a lovely black bag.

They continued to come until the summer of 1942, when they were either sent to more distant camps or to participate in the African Campaign and later the invasion of Anzio Beach.

We kept up a correspondence with several during the war years, who have visited us since their return. One of our regular and faithful correspondents was Jack. Writing from Italy he says: "Never in my army or private life have I ever found a church fulfilling the word of our Lord more than yours." He was usually in our church every Sunday morning after having attended early mass in his church.

CAMP BUTNER OPENS

With the increased influx of soldiers our responsibility increased for in July of 1942 Durham's own camp opened. This was Camp Butner located about fifteen miles from our town. By the middle of the month a continuing program was instituted in our Presbyterian Church House. At first on a simple scale, it expanded as the need arose.

A modest, attractive sign - in keeping with Presbyterian tradition - was hung out in front of the Church House announcing that our parlors were open each day for Reading, 'Riting, Recreation, and Relaxing. And the men soon learned we were telling the truth for upon entering they found plenty of good books - new and timely ones - magazines of a similar vintage, and writing materials, two ping-pong tables (contributed by Mr. and Mrs. J.L. Morehead and Mr. Clinton Toms) with balls and paddles all set up in the recreation room, deep chairs and sofas, a fire, a piano, a radio and record player and bowls of apples and flowers. All of these contributed to the creation of a real homey atmosphere and the service men appreciated this non-regimentation. This one man telling another about our home away from camp received the reply: "O, yes. I went there, but it looked so much like someone's home, I thought I was in the wrong place and got out in a hurry."

The stage was set now for the troop of entertainers. A Defense committee was appointed. The first year Mrs. Clinton W. Toms was chairman. Mrs. J.L. Morehead was assistant chairman with Mrs. T.C. Worth, Mrs. T.A. Winder, Mrs. J.A. Costen, Mrs. E.G. McIver, and Mrs. Fuller Hill as most efficient members of the initial committee. After getting us off to a good start, Mrs. Toms (after Mr. Toms' death) took over the Civilian Defense program for Durham and Mrs. J.L. Morehead became our chairman, filling the office faithfully and efficiently for two years. She was succeeded by Mrs. T.C. Worth who served until the program closed. Other women whose services were indispensable during those years were Mrs. W.F. Carr, Mrs. Harry Van Stratten, Mrs. Mary Cobb Harris, Mrs. D.M. Williams, Mrs. Philip Hutchings, Miss Etta Williams, Mrs. R.O. Everett, Mrs. S.P. Alexander, Mrs. V.J. Ashbaugh, Mrs. J.C. Hundley, Mrs. John T. Kerr, Jr., Mrs. Joe Lyon, Mrs. T.C. Kerns, Mrs. S.D. McPherson, Mrs. A.S. Brower, Mrs. Fred Owen, Betsy Robb, Ethelyn Graham, Mosette Riggsbee and Shirley Faucette.

Much credit must be given to Mrs. Cartwright Carmichael, Mrs. I. F. Hill, Mrs. Langston Thomas, Mrs. William Muirhead, Misses Julia Albright, Norma Lee Goodwin, Annie Collins, Betty Rogers, Alice Johnson, Dorothy Wright, Mrs. J.T. Still, and Mrs. A.B. Taylor who were among our faithful Sunday afternoon hostesses.

Also to Mrs. Gilbert White, Mrs. J.C. Mickie, Mrs. Alphonsus Cobb, Mrs. Joe Albright, Mrs. John Christian, Mrs. H.M. Brown, Mrs. V.S. Bryant, Mrs. C.A. Dukes, Mrs. G.C. Glymph, Mrs. C.E. Hooker, Mrs. C.J. Korstian, Mrs. Clarisse Gattis, and Misses Zoe Young and Clara Murray, Mrs. Richard Wright, Mrs. W.H. Simpson, Mrs. Robert Rankin, Mrs. C.S. Sydnor, and Mrs. Thomas Atwood, and many others too numerous to mention graced our entertainments and lent charm and cordiality to our hospitality.

To Lela Hooker who directed our recreation program in the early days until she joined the Red Cross, and Rebecca Hibberd who took over afterwards. Both girls got along so well with everyone that all shyness and reserve broke down before their contagious laughter and enthusiasm.

And to Mrs. Philip Hutchings who spent practically every Saturday evening keeping the punch bowl filled, cups washed, and even then managed a few pleasantries on the side.

Behind the scenes, was the quiet sweet presence of "Marie" who baked the cakes and pies, and the other good things, for which we were noted. And as she worked more often than not a service man sat on the kitchen stool sticking in a finger occasionally, and also, a word or two as he told of his mother's culinary skill or discussed his army experiences licking the spoon or scraping the bowl in the meantime. Certainly our hospitality would have been meager and inadequate without Marie's helping hand.

Nor "was the masculine" touch lacking for we had hosts as well as hostesses lending a strong arm when needed and offering words of wisdom now and then. Some who came regularly were Messrs. J. L. Morehead, T.C. Worth, D.M. Williams, Harry VanStratten, Dr. C.S. Sydnor, J.T. Kerr, Jr., Joe Albright, J.W. Christian, J.T. Still, Lee Goodwin, Leroy Gattis, H.M. Brown, O.M. Brown, and others lent their stalwart presence from time to time.

Supplementing the Church House entertainment were the homes of our members, where the men were received with warm hospitality, as dinner or over-night guests. Indeed so enjoyable were those visits that some of the guests were inclined to emulate "The Man Who Came To Dinner" at least in the length of their stay.

Again it is impossible to mention all of the gracious hosts and hostesses, this book would be twice its present size if such were attempted. Among them were: the Antrims, S.P. Alexanders, Bryants, Carmichaels, W.F. Carrs, Coppridges, Wrights, McDonalds, D.L. Boones Sr., McPhersons, Pattons, R.S. Phillips, Shacklefords, Sydnors, Wynnes, Gilbert Whites, Philip Hutchings, Moreheads, Toms, Fuller Hills, Everetts, Sycho Pickets, and the Regens.

Our reputation for hospitality now being established, Saturday night parties and Sunday afternoon Open-Houses were next in order. These soon grew to be very popular, and all who came enjoyed the punch and doughnuts - which had been given a special touch - the doughnuts, not the punch.

During the summer the Saturday night parties were held on the lawn and watermelons were served. Again there was the constantly recurring problem of finding a sufficient number of girls, for regardless of how often we heard "The men really prefer talking to older women" nor how much we would have liked to believe it, we had no such false illusions. There were times however, when necessity compelled, and we did our best to substitute, conversationally at least.

Sometimes a man with a knack for cooking was accorded "kitchen privilege" with many a delicious concoction resulting. Often it would be a dish native to the land from which he, or his forebears had come.

Saturday nights were fun! But the pleasant cozy informality of Sunday afternoon kaffee clutches or tea parties soon made them the most delightful and satisfactory events of our entertainment.

Until the food and help situation prohibited, dinner invitations were extended to the men who attended church. After dinner they came to the Church House where the rooms were cool and restful in summer with the heat and noise shut out, and equally inviting in the winter with logs blazing in both fireplaces.

Some of the men found comfortable chairs and a book, others stretched out before the fire with a magazine or writing materials, still others sought the record player, which Mrs. J.L. Morehead had contributed. While there were hostesses present the men were often so busy catching up on correspondence or the news that the "girls" (real or wishful) had only to keep the punch bowl filled, and the sandwich tray supplied. Later in the afternoon the "real Girls" arrived and things began to hum. Mrs. T.C. Atwood and Mrs. C.S. Sydnor alternated at the piano, so there was always an accomplished pianist to play for solos or group singing, and sometimes to accompany a violinst or accordianist, for there was an abundance of talent at Camp Butner.

In gratitude we acknowledge our debt to these women for such a fine contribution, playing as they often did, hour after hour, combining their beautiful melodies with the good voices of the men in the huddle surrounding them.

During the war years a number of gifted musicians crossed our threshold, pianists, violinists, tenor and baritone soloists. Some of these are now making a coveted place for themselves in the realm of music. As we reminisce, names recalling pleasant memories flash

across our minds, Joe Williams who sang "The Lord's Prayer" so divinely his chaplain changed the whole system of orienting new troops at Camp Butner, having them come into the Chapel a few at the time, for the inspiring and uplifting experience of hearing Joe sing: "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed by Thy Name." There were days when the performance was repeated every hour.

Roger Haines, the gifted violinist, Robert Price and Vernon Gould, pianists, whose brilliant careers were interrupted by war. Vernon's hands had grown stiff and hard from the manual labor to which he had been assigned, when he came in looking for a piano in order that he might limber them up. A few days later a chaplain who was seeking an assistant, one who could play the piano was told about Vernon. He forthwith commandeered him. A soloist, Clifford Hirsch was secured in the same manner. So it is with a bit of pride we quote from Chaplain Daana's letter: "I do want to thank you again for giving me the lead that finally gave me Corporal Gould as my assistant. I was desperate at the time, and your lead was the one that I followed to its final conclusion. I think both Corporal Gould and Corporal Hirsch will be able to use their talent wherever we will be stationed. And they owe you as much thanks as I do, for their being with our organization."

Then there were the baritones Edward Spielman, Alvis Bynum and Lew Wallace who sang in our church choir; Clifford Shotwell, Howard Wilmont, Bob Burkhart, and Robert E. Lee, tenors.

Jon Crowe wandered in one evening, seeking an accompanist. One glance at his music was sufficient - Mrs. Atwood was called, and came, as always, on a moment's notice. After hearing Jon's first few notes, we knew we had a "find" and immediately lured him to the choir by the tempting offer of a room for his wife, also a sweet singer. Later on a crib had to be set up for a new Crowe, and while we "sat the baby" Jon and Rose sang in our choir until Rose and the baby left for her home in New York, and Jon for parts unknown. Jon is now singing in Grand Opera.

One learned during those days never to judge by appearances, for often the ill-fitting G.I. uniform cloaked a person of extraordinary qualities or a genius in disguise. In one instance both, for Luigi Dell 'Orifico looked anything else than a genius when he came in one evening, rather overawed with shyness and endeavoring to smile it away. He asked for permission to use our grand piano. In granting his request however we had to dispel his answering glow of gratitude by informing him that the piano, so beautifully encased, deceived its looks too, which he soon discovered for himself while at the same time convincing us of his ability as a musician. Later, arrangements were made with Mrs. Dewey Mims for him to use her new concert grand.

We found Luigi, during his frequent visits, charming, and entertaining, with an exquisite graciousness of manner and a personality almost unique, for he talked about everything except himself. Thus it was necessary to keep directing the conversation back to him in order that one might hear about his family whom he had not seen since his departure from Italy eight years before; of his present position in the 35th Division Band, and its boogy-woogy music, so alien to his spirit, which he was compelled to play. Even then he was too modest and reserved to completely satisfy our interest and it was not until an article appeared in the Durham paper that our suspicions were confirmed - we quote:

> "Tonight's program, which will feature modern music by America's popular composers, will have as guest artist, Pvt. Luigi Dell 'Orifico, assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City from 1938 until his entrance into the Army. Private Dell 'Orifico has coached Grace Moore, Bidu Sayou, Giovanni Martinelli, Lawrence Tibbett, and Ezio Pinza. Dell 'Orifico will play two selections on the piano, Debussy's "Claire de Lune" and an impressionistic number called "The Juggler" by Ernest Toch."

While further details are not precisely important, suffice it to say his sensitive artistic temperament failed to adjust to camp life and after a nervous illness of many weeks he was discharged. When he came to say good-bye he was only a shadow of his former self.

We were so new at war work that our first surprises are still fresh, however such experiences filled life with a wondering interest, and made each day an adventure into the unknown and untried.

To return to our Sunday afternoons and our incognito celebrities in G.I. suits, we often had an artist of repute sketching the girls with kindergarden crayons, or a magician of note proving that his deft hands were quicker than our alert eyes, doing his tricks with any old props we could gather from our plunder room, or a radio comedian telling dialectic stories, and on and on ad infintum, such was the variety of talent in Uncle Sam's Army.

These gatherings too were widely representative of a cross-section of American life and culture and also of the Nations of the World, for they brought together men from Greece, France, Spain, Britain, Italy, from the North of Europe, and even from Germany. One German, who with his father, a former baker to the Kaiser, had escaped from a concentration camp, and had succeeded in reaching this country by way of Mexico, enlisted in the U.S. Army; then was immediately made a cook in the officers' mess.

At six o'clock on Sunday evenings a few additions were made to the refreshment table, and the service men were invited to share a

light supper with the Young People of the Church, and join them in their meeting. Following this, chairs were arranged in a semi-circle about the fire and a Vesper Service was led by Dr. Regen. At this service each man, coming for the first time, was asked to give his name, his home, and his camp, which sometimes served as an introduction to those from the same town or state or even Church. One evening when a particular name and town were announced, another lad exclaimed joyfully, "I know him, we belong to the same Church, I have seen his name on the roll." Many interesting contacts were made in this manner.

Vespers began with hymn singing, each guest naming his favorite tune, then followed a timely and inspiring message from Dr. Regen, which found lodgement in their hearts and minds, and later was an everlasting comfort to their souls. Dick Helz writing from Italy says: "I recall with much comfort Dr. Regen's wonderfully reassuring words." All of these evening meetings closed with the following prayer-hymn:

"O God, our Father, hear our prayer,
As we commend unto Thy care,
Loved ones and friends now far away;
Oh, keep them near Thee night and day.

"Be Thou their Pilot, Master, Friend,
As they our land and life defend;
Give them - on land, on sea, in air -
The firm assurance Thou art there.

"May they when lonely, sad or ill,
Know Thou art watching o'er them still;
Enfold them, Lord, in danger's hour;
Safe in Thine arms of love and power.

"Soon may there dawn the day of peace;
Soon may earth's wars forever cease;
Soon may all realms, in glad accord;
Crown Thee as King, and own Thee Lord."
A-men.

But we did not confine our activities to the various services on Sunday. The Church House remained open until ten each week-day evening, but no special programs of entertainment were undertaken, at least not until the men began returning from overseas - but more of that later. So during the week we were merely here, to talk or rather to listen to those who craved a listening ear. Occasionally there were too many for the hostess to handle alone, then a hurried call for help went out. This wasn't often necessary for there was nearly always a serviceman's wife staying in the guest room who could be called upon in an emergency.

Of the interesting and attractive couples in the Church House during those years the names of Elizabeth and Lee Weaver head the list. They came from Memphis, where Elizabeth had been secretary to the Minister of Idlewild Presbyterian Church, and came with a letter of introduction from Mr. Watson, our Jocelyn Regen's father. Lee was entering the Army Finance Officers School at Duke, and they needed a room. We had one and they impressed us so favorably we offered it to them in return for some assistance with our entertainment, which was a most satisfactory arrangement for all concerned. Never was a better bargain made. They helped not only with the Service Men's Program, but taught in Sunday School and served in almost every capacity.

Elizabeth's warmhearted sympathy went out to comfort scores of homesick G.I.'s, coming so newly into contact with persons and situations so different from any they had heretofore known.

There was the lad who had grown up in New York's East Side; kind at heart,innately good, although blunt and crude in language and manners, who was surprised when Elizabeth called attention to his profanity. She reminded him that those who knew him understood that he meant nothing by the use of such words, nevertheless there were others who judged him accordingly, for he had only a few moments before shocked a group of women by his unguarded adjectives over a too hot cup of tea. After that conversation he was Elizabeth's shadow, and before he left for another camp said to her: "I'm getting so I talk just like you Southerners."

It was this same kindly interest in the problems of other people and the desire to help that later took Elizabeth into the home of a serviceman ordered overseas, whose wife was ill, and whose children needed attention, where she spent several days handling the situation expertly until a nurse could be found.

Lee, too with his genial, affable manner captivated the young and old, making him one of our chief assets, particularly on Saturday nights.

The Weavers were with us almost a year and although others came and went, none ever supplanted them in our affections nor in our memories.

A number of interesting stories could be written about those week nights - certainly many fantastic ones were told by our guests on the nights, when only a few drifted in seeking a willing and sympathetic ear - and a gullible one as well. As they talked freely of home, mother, family, and friends they painted their own [illegible] pictures of all boys throughout the world, thereby creating the feeling that we were of a piece with humanity. Sometimes one had imbibed a little too freely and was inclined to dally in maudlin regret over the past. Others were disgruntled, or simply cantankerous with an

anti-attitude towards things in general, and a propensity for arguing which sometimes lasted far into the night, all of which we humored as far as possible. Imaginations were most fertile and needed only the slightest encouragement to soar to dizzy heights. Never have such tales been told - not even by De Maupassant. Sam was one of the early trainees at Butner - a problem child, whose problems, his mother, a professor in psychology, had not been able to solve. He told of events as he would like for them to have been rather than as they were and one story led to another always with considerable deviation from fact. On returning from a furlough he described with dramatic skill a yachting trip on one of the Great Lakes in which a child of the family had fallen overboard, only to be rescued by a noble St. Bernard dog who leaped in immediately after. His mind was a veritable storehouse of anecdotes.

Another evening Sam came in wearing oxford glasses on a black cord - how he ever got that far from camp with them was a miracle - which he said were needed for his surgery - he had so many operations to perform.

Again he arrived with an M.P. band around his arm and announced rather bombastically - "I have been to the dives in Durham and told them to clean up or close up."

After more than a year's absence he returned - so he said - from the Aleutians, where according to his report he had performed dozens of operations daily - yet through it all had achieved only the rank of private first class.

Then there were two fine young Scots, in the British Navy, who found their way to us and to our hearts as well, and afterwards visited here whenever they docked at a South Atlantic port. How our blood tingled as we listened to their picaresque adventures. During a conversation someone inadvertently alluded to their branch of service as "the English Navy" whereupon we had a row on our hands. "British Navy! Mam, and if it were not for the Scots the British would have no Navy.". We learned our lesson.

Besides the story tellers there were the poets! Good, bad, and very indifferent as you may judge from these samples:

I came to Durham
    A soldier; alone
I knew no one,
    And was far from home.

I walked along the streets
    I'd never known before
I glanced at homes
    But recognized not a door.

My heart was sick
And I was blue
Then this Serviceman's Lounge*
I came into.

I was warmly welcomed,
And made to feel at ease
It was just as though I'd gotten
The city's keys.

All the people opened their hearts,
I no longer felt blue.
And now I'm happy to say--
Durham is my home, too.

by Private William Gloffke

As you have guessed Bill is referring to the Church House.

Within Myself

Within myself there seems a constant riot
That comes of pondering at too great a length
The cares, the triumphs,happiness then quiet;
Parcels in our life that give and take our strength.
I am so eager for the light and truth,
The wisdom that is not instilled in youth,
But which requires the passing of long years;
With this requital, - pain, sorrow and tears.
I am eager for the love of one
Whom I in turn may love and make content.
For what is life if, after all is done,
I have to say that I my life have spent
In solitude, without a love that sings:
Without the happiness a true love brings!

Richard Southworth

* * * * *

A Soldier's Return

A lad returning from overseas
Walked down his home town street
He gazed around at the changes there
And hoped some friend he'd meet.

The honor roll stood there erect
High weeds around it grew
Forgotten by those who put it there
Made him feel rather blue.

The stars well scattered throughout the list
For those who would never return
To those that had known him for years,
His fate would never be learned.

He continued on his walk
Past the old School house
Memories of by gone days
Ran past like a mouse.

His gait now grew faster
As nearer home he drew
His dragging foot the story told
But love was there he knew.

He stopped for a second as he passed
The little church he knew as a lad,
He offered there a little prayer
For his safe return he was glad.

He hastened on and into view
Came the little place that he called home
A leap of joy sprang in his heart
He'd never again be alone.

His parents wept with joy
At the sight of their only boy
Returning again to live at peace
And knowing only love and joy.

Pvt. Al. F. Baumgarten

In addition to writing their own these poetasters gave readings from better known authors, Shakespeare, Service, Kipling and even Solomn, the famous author of one great song. From these "quotes" their audiences gained new and amazing revelations of both classical and Biblical literature, also there were opened unto us new meanings in familiar passages, particularly the prophetcial utterances of the seers concerning war and the signs of the times. Such passages seemed to have a peculiar fascination for the soldiers.

Next in interest as conversation topics were affairs of the heart. With faltering tongue they told of the girl who was waiting at home, or the seemingly unsurmountable obstacles to marriage. In one instance the problem was no obstacle but a propulsion into matrimony. Indeed, not a few felt that the girls were taking the initiative in such alliances, which was understandable, Mrs. Roosevelt to the contrary. A few had married in haste only to repent at leisure, however as one of the girls said "Not to marry at all is to do more than repent." Sad to relate there were unfaithful girls and wives upon whom judgment was duly pronounced.

The panorama unrolled continuously as men came and went, showing every phase of life in these United States - the rich, the poor, the educated, the ignorant, the city bred, the farmer's boy, the happy-go-lucky, the bitter grouch, the tolerant, the biased. Some good - some not too bad - just naughty - all interesting.

Many were homesick, despite their brave uniforms, whose big gripe was against military discipline and regimentation. John Jackson was one of these. He simply could not be disciplined, especially by an officer who did not know the rules half as well as he, for he had made an intensive study of the manual. So he could not resist correcting his officers' mistakes - as a consequence, John's one stripe was off and on, mostly off. He finally resorted to pins.

Differences in background and environment sometimes led to misunderstandings. There was a lad, the oldest of six children, whom he had helped his mother support until he was called into service, and who looked longingly at more privileged boys expressing his desire for better opportunities after the war. In spite of his early lacks he showed an appreciation for the niceties of life, which we tried as far as possible to provide. Coming in one evening when the cupboard was bare we took him to a hotel. However, despite all efforts at persuasion he refused everything but a cup of tea, and when the meal was over insisted on paying the check, saying when he was refused, "I never heard of a lady taking a man to dinner before." The impression still remains to sadden one, that he refused to eat because he didn't have enough money to pay for both of us. Again we were the wiser for the experience and the next time, everything was explained beforehand.

There was the other occasion when the service man was host at dinner, and after looking over the menu remarked: "I'm never hungry at night, are you?" Of course his guest wasn't either, so they compromised on a sandwich.

Another boy who became very dear to us was Al - just out of High School. He was a frequent visitor, bringing his trumpet, which he played with gusto. When his mother and afflicted brother arrived we met them at the Bus Station, and were reminded again not to judge by appearances, for there was the usual contrast between the service man and his family. That viewpoint in this particular case, however, was due to change, for as they stopped by daily we gradually learned their story and then only the most profound respect and admiration remained. Having been left a widow with two small children, she worked as a janitress in the public school, that she might educate them musically, provide medical care for the afflicted one, who is now a gifted pianist, and create a pleasant home atmosphere. She had done this not only for her own but for the neighborhood boys, who were accustomed to meet in her home weekly for band practice before Uncle Sam called them. She had given them a fine Christian training, too, which carried Al through many difficult experiences in the Army.

Al's mother received such kindly attention from all of us, young and old, that on her departure she said "I didn't know Southerners could be so nice."

As we listened night after night there was need for alert ingenuity in responding, for whether beguiled, amused, irritated, offended by the profane or vulgar language or pained and perturbed by the perfectly amazing stories our visitors told, we still had to show interest and sympathy.

Certainly it is with considerable hesitancy that these personal and intimate stories are recounted and never in a spirit of jest, though there were times when it was difficult to check a laugh. There was so much in these confidences that was fine and good, noble and sincere, as there was much that was baffling and bewildering, so that often we had to resort to a silent call for guidance before replying. Nor is it wishful thinking to add that, perhaps we did help in the solution of some of their problems.

DIVISIONS

THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH

The 78th or Lightning Division was the first large body of troops to be activated at the newly opened Camp Butner, and they, true to their name, worked like lightning on the home front, as they did later on the battlefront, winning our esteem and affection -- and the hearts of our girls as well. The many friendships formed during those days grew deeper as letters passed back and forth across the sea, and were even further strengthened by later visits of 78th veterans after demobilization.

The following letter beautifully illustrates the point, and we might add, the personal "thank you" has been made:

> "This letter has been long in coming, but its message is good. All of us were blessed with good fortune; we arrived home safe and sound. Bill Appel and I were released late last year while Stephen Bergstresser and John Vogola returned early this year. I see Bill frequently and we have visited John and Steve.
>
> I have not forgotten your fine treatment when we were in Durham. If I ever get down your way I'll thank you personally.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Francis H. Ludwig."

The men and their buddies had been with us for Christmas in '42 and '43 and had shared in the Season's festivities. Small wonder then that they remembered, for our Christmases were really memorable. We then if ever gave everything we had to making that nostalgic holiday gay and glad. Beginning with Christmas Eve in a traditional setting of greens, the glitter of tinsel, soft candle light, and the glow of the fire lighting the faces gathered around the hearth, Professor A.T. West read in his inimitable manner "How Come Christmas."

We went on and on, Christmas tree and gifts, carol singing, big dinners, the annual Church Party and all the trimmings concomitant to the Season.

By the end of '43 Mr. Santa Claus, having gone to war, a glorified Mrs. Santa took over in the guise of Douglas Morehead. Brilliantly costumed in red velvet and ermine, equally jovial, perhaps a bit more rougish in manner, she distributed gifts from her pack and informed us:

"Presbyterians and guests, we are all gathered here
To celebrate Christmas with the usual good cheer,
But before we begin it some word must be said
To explain why I'm here in Santa Claus' stead.

Like all the menfolk this year, Santa Claus,
Ran out and enlisted and went to the wars,
But he said ere he left, "Carry on, Mrs. Claus,
With the cap and the beard and the famous red draw's,
And here are my reindeer and bells all a jingle,
And here is the pack for your back, Madam Kringle,
And I'm sure at pinch hitting you'll turn a neat trick
For you always have been the very old Nick."

So I jumped into harness and shouted "You said it!
Now to Mama as Santa will go some small credit."

So though as a Santa I'm only a shift
I think I can still fling a mean Christmas Gift."

Evelyn and Charlie Yates and Bill Rinne were our overnight guests that year, several others joining us for Christmas breakfast - a gay morning, with laughter and talk amid the rattling of paper as parcels were unwrapped, and gifts displayed.

Afterwards dinner invitations from our members were extended to all the men in the Church House and we were about to set out for Mrs. Sloan's to enjoy her Christmas hospitality, when over in the corner, his head bowed in a most dejected manner, sat a soldier, brooding over his loneliness. With little encouragement he poured out his story -- a six year old daughter at home was disconsolate because for the first time in her life he wasn't there to play Santa Claus. Since he couldn't be left in that mood, we phoned our hostess and asked if she had room for one more, the answer came back: "The more the merrier, come on". And in that lovely gracious atmosphere his cares and worries were soon alleviated, if not quite forgotten. Later when we had returned for our "Open House" Douglas Morehead came in search of men for Christmas Night supper and departed with, among others, the world's most homesick soldier. Toward midnight he reappeared, a brighter and happier person, as he laughingly called out: "Don't tell me there isn't a Santa Claus!"

That was one happy Christmas, in spite of a world at war.

A very concrete illustration of activities which engaged the 78th -- and the rapidity with which they worked may be found in the numerous weddings that took place while they were here.

Helen Thompson and Manuel Bretana; Louise Murray and Henry Keir were married in the Church. Alice Johnson met Hank Gifford and Gertrude Isenhour her husband-to-be, Edward Ford, at that time, although

the marriages took place later. Mable Hutchings and Frances Bowen also married these Lightning men, namely Ralph Henry and Walter Voltz. Almost without exception, there was a wedding each week in the Cloister Chapel.

But by far the most sensational wedding was one that started well but turned into a fiasco. The party had assembled in the Cloister Chapel, and the ceremony had begun, when the Chaplain asked the traditional question: "Will you have this man --? then, instead of the usual softly spoken "Yes," there was heard, a vociferous "No", followed immediately by the bride-to-be's dash for the door with the groom and the Chaplain following after. An hour's conference ensued but the bride-to-be was still of the same negative opinion -- so they departed, sadder but wiser.

A further indication of the high regard we had for the 78th and, perhaps, something of their affection for us may be found in excerpts from these letters written while overseas.

> "I hope that when this chaos is ended and we return to normal living, I will be able to visit the First Presbyterian again." Johnny Koy.
>
> Bruce Bradley says: "I don't believe I'll ever again hit a Presbyterian Church like yours in Durham. Be sure to thank all those lovely friends of yours I knew while at Butner. Maybe some day I'll get back there."
>
> I don't think that I shall ever forget the good old times which we had there in the Church. I know that everybody that has been there will join me in saying that it was a great help in time of homesickness and lonesomeness. I know that it surely helped me a lot and that I shall never forget it. Jimmy Noland.
>
> "Since I have been in the Army I have visited service centers in many towns and cities. No matter where I may find myself in the future, Durham will remain in my mind as one city that gave my friends and me our best weekends due entirely to your service center. May the good work continue. Sincerely, Francis H. Ludwig."
>
> What I couldn't have done to some good ole do-nuts and coffee last night. I really miss the Saturday night Jamboree. I hope some day to be in on them again. It will be a happy day when I can open that front door and walk across the rug, build a fire in the fireplace, make coffee, heat do-nuts and sleep in the Prophet's Chamber. The memory of those happy days I shall always hold dear. My venture in this army was certainly lightened by the hospitality I received from you. Love, Charlie Yates.

William Appel says: "We have missed our Sundays spent with you very much. Certainly, nothing here can compare with the good times we had but then a soldier gets into the habit of being uprooted every time he settles for a day or two, but that does not keep it from hurting. Our evenings spent and our friends made at 305 E. Main Street will be our happier memories for a long time to come."

Stephen Bergstresser says: "We returned to Butner with a feeling of great joy. My four friends and myself all said that it was the most enjoyable Sunday we ever spent since coming into the army."

Saturday night was my last night in Durham. It wasn't very often we leave a location with a saddened heart as we did Durham. It wasn't really Durham we hated to leave, it was leaving you and the friends we made at First Presbyterian."

"I wish to thank you for all you have done to make my stay at Camp Butner more enjoyable. In all my travels I have never met such warmhearted and friendly people. Your form of entertainment was such that it gave a touch of home to the atmosphere. A touch that will be a memory not soon to be forgotten.

While at Camp Butner, I used to look forward to visiting the Service Center. There I knew I would be among those whose company I enjoy. A company, like one big family, making a guest feel at home.

The boys and I often speak of you and the others and will always remember you for your friendship and thoughtfulness." John Vogola.

Dick Hetz said: "As you know, First Church, Durham, stands out in my memory as an "up and coming" Church. And how many times have I wished that more gracious people like the women in your Church could be sent with the Red Cross."

Leaving here the 78th went to Tennessee for maneuvers, then to Camp Pickett and from there made the last lap of their journey to the European battlefields. And according to Tom O'Brien, "As you probably know the 78th is really in this war and so far is doing a good job. We've lost a few of our men but most of us are still going strong. Sgt. Joe Yoho is in the hospital from a head wound, but he'll be O.K. As for me, I depend on my "Luck of the Irish" plus a few prayers learned as a boy."

"With the 78th Division --

Battle streamers won at St. Mihiel, Argonne and Meuse battles in World War I were unfurled with the 311th Inf. Regt. colors for the first time on foreign soil as 110 members of the "Timber Wolf" Regt. were awarded Combat Infantryman badges at a review "Somewhere in Germany."

The award had been earned by 317 men, 207 of whom were at front-line posts or being treated for wounds.

Presentation was made by Maj. Gen. E.P. Parker, Jr., 78th Div.

The ranks of the 78th were now greatly depleted. Johnny Koy wrote: "The 78th is only a shadow of its former self."

Some of our letters, bearing names that will not be forgotten were returned -- we continue to wonder, and hope.

THE THIRD

The Third Infantry next arrived in Durham by way of Newfoundland. Highly decorated, reeking with lore and tradition, hoary with age - the oldest regiment in the United States, with a record for distinguished service running through all wars back to the Revolution - George Washington's own regiment.

Governor Broughton extended greetings on their arrival, mingled with praises for the officers and men. Adopted by the General Electric Company -- and The Hour of Charm -- the purchase of extra war bonds was dedicated by the company to outfitting these well-dressed soldiers wearing the buff strap. While here only a few months we retain happy memories of pleasant days together. For example:

Ruth and Bill Worley, occupants of the guest room for several weeks, contributed generously of their time and talents to our entertainment program. Bill Zimmerman called the figures for the folk dances. Jack Jones, self-styled "Hostess Jones", kept everyone in good humor with his gay spirit, his wit and jibes -- (an announcement of his marriage came while this was being written). -- There was Martin Kaufman who possessed the art of making enthusiasm contagious, as fired with excitement he told his unforgettable story.

After serving in the Rumanian Army three years, Martin met an American girl who had returned to visit relatives. They feel in love, were married, and came to the States. Dazzled by the comparative luxury which the American common man enjoyed, he said: "My eyes got blood-shot from staring at all the food in restaurants, and the pay I received - $40.00 a week! I could not have saved that much in six years in Rumania. Believe me, when I found out what a wonderful country this was, I wanted to kneel down and kiss the ground."

When the war came he was quick to show his appreciation in a practical way. He tried to enlist, but was refused because his citizenship status had not been determined. Then he became an air-raid warden; joined the Red Cross, and made it clear to his Selective Service Board that he would be happy to receive his "greetings" at the earliest possible date.

He got them February, 1943, and since then had enjoyed more pleasant surprises. As a soldier in the Rumanian Army he had one outfit during three years, consisting of a blouse, a pair of trousers, shoes and cap that could not be dignified even by the term "second-hand". One shoe was size 12, the other 8. They were worn out at the heels and there was only air where the toes were supposed to be. Imagine his astonishment when he was fitted for G.I. clothing. "I thought I was being measured for a coffin, in case I was

killed," he declared. "It was like a dream. I came out better dressed than a Major in the Rumanian Army."

Every detail of U.S. Army life impressed Kaufman by it's superiority to the Old World military ways he had known. He was absolutely sure that the sacrifice is a small one to make for a country like ours, when the common man of Europe is suffering a thousand times more to hang on to his pitiful penny's worth of freedom and comfort.

So what with Kaufman and others, we enjoyed the 3rd Regiment. But the day came when the popular outfit had to depart, going from here to Fort Benning at Columbus, Georgia, and later to Europe, where they won further laurels.

Excerpts from Ruth Worley's letter:

"Bill says to thank you for the bright spot in his "Live Drab" life."

"I wish I was near enough to visit the Church House once again. Believe me I certainly miss it, there is no place here in Columbus like it."

"Many years from now when I think of my Army life my first thought will be of Durham, the Church House, Mrs. Matthis, and her girls.

Jack Jones."

"No doubt you will be surprised in receiving this letter, in fact I hope you will accept my sincere apology for not having written sooner as I still many times think of your kindness towards Madeline and me and through you I had many enjoyable evenings at the church and service club, last but not least, the pleasure of my wife visiting me, knowing she was fortunate in having such a lovely place to stay and how you did everything possible to make her feel at home. -----

I have attended the Presbyterian Service Club at Columbus several times and have met some lovely people yet I still think of you and the Service Club in N.C. as having the edge and I hope some day I shall be able to pay all of you a visit again."

Sincerely,

Paul"

THE THIRTY-FIFTH DIVISION

Following close upon the heels of the 78th Division came the 35th Division composed largely of older men with wives and children, so GI housing became the paramount issue of the day. Then it was that a crib became part of the furnishings of the Prophet's Chamber, and formulas were prepared in the Church kitchen. By dint of hard work and much persuasion rooms were eventually secured and the present occupants moved out to make room for newcomers -- a continuing process during the whole stay of the 35th Division.

Ethelyne Graham succumbed to the charms of a handsome lieutenant, Burr Sutter, they were married and are now living happily in Arizona with additional Sutters. Joan Epperson and Gusta Englund met and married.

The names of Becky and Dick Stracham flash before us. They too occupied the guest room for a while. Dick was awarded the Bronze Star for heroic service in France.

Our program of entertainment, begun for the 78th, was carried on as usual for the 35'ers, but before long they, too, went the way of their predecessors -- across the Atlantic.

THE EIGHTY-NINTH

Our next division was the 89th -- and with it the pendulum swung way back from old to young. Most of the boys of the 89th were just out of High School, only a few had a year of college to their credit.

With the advent of these boy soldiers the older women came into their own, for these children needed nothing so much as mothering. No greater compliment could they pay than this: "You remind me of my mother."

Quite naturally they enjoyed the girls -- and we had plenty now having grown a nice crop of our own, who were doing a grand job, despite their lament which appeared in an issue of the P.X. edited by them:

> "We of teen-age are having a tough time -- at a tough time. All of our lives we've been told "wait 'till you are older." "Wait 'till you are older before you can drive the car." "Wait 'till you are older before you can wear nylon stockings." "Wait 'till you are older before you can go to dances; wait 'till you are older before you start having dates." Now when these things are within reach and mean so much, the war has taken them away. Rationing stopped the family car; the army has taken the boy friend -- everybody's doing something exciting, but there's not much left over for us of the teen age, either in work that really counts, or in attention. History is being made and we are being left out."

So we gave parties, some of which they (the 89th) financed, and they in turn were our guests on numerous occasions.

Another service we rendered is indicated by the following letter:

> "Words cannot express our gratitude to the ladies who gave their time and energy toward making curtains for the mess hall of Service Company, 355th Infantry, Camp Butner,N.C.
>
> The men have expressed their appreciation and mentioned how the atmosphere had changed since the curtains have been added.
>
> "If the ladies would care to be our guests for dinner at any time we would be more than happy to have you all. I would appreciate your giving us a few days notice and all arrangements will be made to get you by the gate, also would ask you to limit the number to ten ladies at any one meal.

"Thanking you for your kindness,

Harrison L. Keiser
Capt. 355th Inf.,
Commanding."

A Sunday afternoon picture indelibly impressed upon our memories, is that of a group of youngsters stretched out on the floor before the fire, some reading or lost in reverie, others gathered around the piano, singing light-heartedly, apparently giving little thought or concern to the future.

The Christmas of '44 is unforgettable too, for despite American optimism, shadows of fear and doubt hung over us and the overtones of sadness permeated our celebration.

Fortunately, we were ignorant of what our men were even then undergoing on the battlefields of Europe or our spirits would not have been equal to making Christmas merry and glad for these fine boys, whom rumor said were to be alerted immediately after.

A package wrapping service was instituted, using gay papers and ribbons. The rooms were bright and cheerful with their festive decorations. At the Saturday night party Dan Williams, plus a few pillows, made a jolly Santa Claus, distributing stockings filled with amusing trinkets. Mr. West again delighted everyone with his reading of "How Come Christmas."

Sunday being Christmas Eve, the men united with the congregation in the Candle Lighting service, followed by the Church Family Party.

Later in the evening the Young People's group attended the celebration of Christmas Communion in the 355th Regiment's Chapel at Camp Butner.

In a beautiful and impressive setting of greens and soft candlelight, Lydia Hutchings represented the Christmas Angel, wearing a long white satin robe, holding aloft a light symbolizing the "Light of the World" while the men marched down the aisle and knelt at the Chancel for the sacrament. Each returning with a lighted candle -- a beacon to guide him in the dark days ahead.

In the solemnity of that hour, our hearts were merged in a sentiment of unutterable sadness and compassion and tears fell unnoticed, as silently we prayed.

The young girls sang the lovely old Nativity hymns throughout the service and afterwards, transported by Army trucks to the different regimental headquarters, they caroled over the entire Post, accompanied by the Division band, until in the cold of the night,

voices had grown husky or entirely vanished. As midnight drew near we were having supper in the Officers' Mess, and Christmas day actually dawned before the return journey was completed. In the meantime, Mrs. Hutchings had been keeping chocolate hot for hours, momentarily expecting us. By the time we reached Durham, however, it was too late for anything except home and to bed -- exhausted but happy and contented.

Everything seemed hopelessly involved and disorganized, when by daylight (war time) Christmas morning the men began coming in - there was nowhere else to go, not even for coffee. Everyone seemed to be taking a holiday, restuarants included. So we got busy, and with the boys'help coffee was made, eggs scrambled and a breakfast hurriedly whipped together. Grateful for the favor, they, in turn, straightened up the Church House, and by noon everything was in order and ready for Christmas afternoon "Open House."

Hostesses called asking for dinner guests. We had them to fit any requirement and soon all were with some family for Christmas dinner, in spite of the fact that the only sound the hostess could make was a squeak, having lost her voice the night before.

That was Christmas day, 1944, and the last we saw of the men from the 89th. By the New Year they were on their way to Europe.

Letters came thick and fast, with many expressions of gratitude and appreciation as you see:

> "I received your Christmas card today and I thank you very much. (Pardon my grammar please). It's thoughtful people like you that provide fellas over here with a touch of home. Since I have been over here each one of your letters, cards and the P.X. have given my morale that little boost that has kept me happy. I have appreciated everything, from the first time I was warmly greeted at the Church 'till the time when I was physically, but not spiritually separated from it. William Gloffe."

> "Christmas time gives us a wonderful opportunity for saying "hello again" to all our friends. This time of the year always brings to mind pleasant memories of genial people and happy times, such as all of you at the Presbyterian Church Hours and the joyous Yuletide season we spent there in 1944. Your warm hospitality really made us feel welcome in your friendly Christian fellowship.

> "I certainly have been enjoying the "P.X." Thank you for sending it to me. You are doing a fine job in the difficult task of bridging the gap between the community church and the young men and women in the service." Herbert Dean.

"This is a note that I have intended to write for quite some time. We have been so busy with the fast moving events over here that days and even the weeks pass by almost before we know it. I can hardly believe that it has been over four months since we were last enjoying the warm hospitality of your Presbyterian Church House.

"The Church House came to be more than a house to us. It was a home. The blazing fire, the fresh flowers, the interesting books, the bowl of red apples, the music, the games, and the friendly people created a home-like atmosphere that turned what would have been many dull weekends into wonderful memories.

"We certainly appreciate your marvelous work and your unlimited patience with us. We also enjoyed the Young People's meetings which were made possible through deep interest and inspiring leadership. For a "doughfoot" in Germany, thank you.

"You may remember me as one of the boys from "C" Company along with Kirkham, Resnik, Bushard, Dean, and others. Sincerely yours, Bill Carroll"

"I enjoyed the PX very much this month and thank everyone for sending it to me. It reminded me of the wonderful times I had back in Durham, made me dream about a splendid woman who made my stay in Durham a wonderful one. There are people like you all over this world but always they are in a minority. You were so wonderful that I'd have just as soon called you Mom as Mrs. Matthes.

"God Bless you and Keep You.

Sincerely, Cpl. Bill Simoneau"

THEY COME AND GO

In spite of so much concern with the Army we did not neglect the other branches of Service. We also took up the Navy.

The V-12's stationed at Duke and Carolina were great favorites, especially among the girls, for they entered with exuberant and infectious spirits into all the entertainment and were equally courteous and unselfish in all their gaiety.

Casual meetings ripened into friendships which have been warm and lasting. Of the romances begun then, one came to fruition in the marriage of Dorothy Wright and Bill Shoemaker.

The older women also succumbed to the charms and blandishments of those "sailor boys" for they were always thoughtful and considerate, and deeply appreciative of our hospitality as their letters imply:

> "My stay in Durham was very pleasant indeed. One of the main things making it so was my connection with your church. Needless to say I was very glad for the opportunity to worship in a Presbyterian Church and to attend the services there fairly regularly so that I could almost consider it my church while I was in Durham. However, there were other opportunities offered by your church which I value just as much. The relaxation, recreation, and friendly reception which I found at your Saturday and Sunday evening "open house" will not soon be forgotten.
>
> The Presbyterian Church in Durham is doing as much for service men as any church I know. We boys at Duke could have done without the facilities you offered us if it had been necessary because there are ample chances for entertainment and worship out at Duke University. However, the ones of us who did attend your services and parties found it more pleasant than anything we could have found at school. It is the soldiers at Camp Butner to whom you can be of greatest service. After just one week here I have begun to realize more fully the need for a service such as that rendered by your church. I doubt very much if I shall find anything similar to it here at Norfolk." Bill Ransom
>
> And now it's time to say "Carry On Mates" for another little while -- Always looking forward to any word from all of you. Because the friendships and the spirit you were so willing to share shall forever be a part of me. I only wish in some small way I could show you how much that shall always mean to me, and now it's time for taps." Bill Seigle

Mrs. Newcomb, after visiting her son Nelson, at Duke V-12, wrote as follows:

> "We are especially happy over the fact that he has found such a delightful place in which to spend his free time as the Church House. We appreciate all that is being done for the boys in the Church House and the work and expense connected with the running of such a place. One thing we value most of all is the friendliness and interest shown to the boys by its charming hostess.
>
> "I enjoyed being with you and the boys so much, and am looking forward to my next visit in Durham when I may join you all again.
>
> "As I'm too far away to lend any real assistance, which I would dearly love to do, I am enclosing a small check which we hope you will use to buy whatever is most needed to aid in your work there. Judging from what I have seen my son eat in the course of a couple of hours of ping-pong, I should say ration money might be needed."

In addition to the V-12's, men from the Army Finance Officer's Training School at Duke University were frequent visitors to our Church and several times we were asked to represent their families, who could not be present when their commissions were received.

"The Prophet's Chamber" was quite an institution and rarely without its occupant during the war. Never before had it sheltered such a variety of guests; mothers of service men, wives and babies, sweethearts, even a bride and groom, chaplains, privates, and officers. To the curious minded eager to know the origin of its name, we referred them to II Kings 9:9-10: "Behold now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God, that passeth by us continually. Let us make, I pray thee, a little chamber on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a seat, and a candlestick: And it shall be, when he cometh to us, he shall come in thither."

Many grateful letters were received from those who enjoyed its comforts of which the following are good samples:

> "Just a written note of thanks and appreciation for your wonderful kindness. God bless you! Lt. Paneglio"
>
> "I want you to know how very much Bill and I appreciated the use of your Prophet's Chamber during my visit to Durham. It certainly made our visit together more enjoyable to be in such pleasant surroundings at the Church House and it meant so much to me to meet your church people who are interested in the welfare of "our boys" during

their leisure time away from camp.... For all you have done and are doing I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Sincerely, Eleanore Zimmerman."

"As you must realize, I certainly rested easily in the hospitality extended to me. I roused once, just long enough to join in one of my favourites "Holy, Holy, Holy," then lapsed again into a much needed rest. Since I missed the offering this morning would you kindly place the enclosed where it may do the most good. Sincerely, William C. Weaver."

"Your courtesy and genuine southern hospitality, when we were practically desperate in our search for a room, will always be a highlight, in the memories of my days in service. As soon as I'm out again, Eida and I will be by to see you. Sincerely, Pvt. Joe Bonansinga."

Several ministers from the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., were among the major prophets who came to us. Each giving a month's service to war work, they assisted us greatly with our programs. Rev. J.H. Thompson from Little Falls, N.Y., Rev. J.K. Monroe from Pennsylvania, established the work by visiting the families of Service men, helping them with their problems, and adjustments.

Rev. G. Malcolm Vandyke from Lansdown, Pa., followed, doing a similiar work in town and at Camp Butner, where he was cordially received and assisted by the Post Chaplains.

Through the generosity of the women of his church we entertained at a series of teas for the wives of service men, and a dinner for the chaplains and their families, stationed at Camp Butner.

Rev. Edwin O. Kennedy from Madison, Wis., followed, and did an equally fine job in supporting the Church's Defense Program.

We needed the timely assistance of these men from the "Northern Church," for now the Fourth Division, our first veterans, was digging in at Camp Butner after having done some terrific fighting in the European Theater of War, so our friendships broadened and our programs expanded to include many of these brave young soldiers.

D-Day

Finally, the day dawned which had been anxiously awaited: Invasion Day, marked by grave solemnity throughout the country; in our church by a deeply moving spiritual experience, as hourly the Chapel was filled to overflowing and the names of the men on the Roster were lifted up in prayer and supplication. By evening the news having spread a large congregation assembled for the closing service of the day, more and more names had been added, even Battalions, Regiments,

and Divisions -- at the request of loved ones, until the roll had grown to a prodigious length. Nevertheless prayers were offered naming them one by one and all who were gathered together on that memorable evening had a definite consciousness of God's presence and the feeling pervaded that the petitions, both silent and audible, had ascended the Heavenly Throne -- and surely they must have for not a man whose name was called that day, so far as we know, lost his life during the invasion.

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO WAIT

No record of the Presbyterian Church's war work would be complete without special mention of the young women of the church - of Alice Johnson often on the scene, and always on call in an emergency, her endearing sweetness of manner making her popular with the young and old alike. Shirley Faucette too, charming them all with her gracious ways. Betty Worth, Gertrude Isenhour, Mozette Rigsbee, Ethel Lipscomb, Nell Curtis Kerns, Ethelyne Graham, Noma Lee Goodwin, enlivened many an occasion with their vivacity and charm.

Then there were Betsy Bryant Robb, Mary Banks McPherson Harper, Mary Libb McDonald Croft, Eleanor Boone, Margaret Franck Credle, Louise Murray Keir, Mary Mack McIver from the "waiting wives" (with Ethel Lipscomb Girvin soon joining their ranks), whose husbands were either in service in this country or overseas. These young matrons generously responded to various and sundry appeals, and were equally charming and gracious.

The "P.X." edited by them was of such a high order they were urged to continue for awhile. In the meantime their praises were sung from across the seas:

> "I got the Feb. 19th 'P.X.' and your valentine both during the big push. I was very pleased with the valentine. I know there are hundreds, perhaps thousands of us in the service who will never forget the kindnesses you have rendered us. You can tell the 'waiting wives' that they are doing a grand job on the paper. It always has been a good paper and the new editorship is keeping it up to standards. Dr. Regen's messages are as encouraging as ever....Harold Van Dusen"

> "Have so much enjoyed the late PX's put out by the 'old married ladies.' Their journalism is of high caliber.... Geo. W.B."

> "Meister and I are both doing fine. I get your PX every month. Tell the ladies, who are now publishing it, that they are doing an excellent job and I enjoy reading it, even though I have not written them, which I have intended doing for quite some time. I hope you are all right and are still having good crowds....Charlie Yates."

> "George Matthis sends a message to the "waiting wives" saying that he thinks they did a swell job on the P.X. and to keep it coming."

> "Horace Doty writes from France that he thinks the "war wives" did a grand job and he hoped to get another edition soon."

"Walter Shackelford writes from the Pacific 'I have been receiving remembrances from the Church and have greatly appreciated the kind thoughts of all of you. The gals that call themselves the 'waiting wives' or 'waiting hopefuls' can be mighty proud of their efforts in making a mighty readable news and gossip sheet. It is nice to be able to keep up with a lot of people you don't ordinarily have contact with that way."

The "Waiting Wives" were often pressed into service as entertainers, especially when there was a young girl shortage, and were so charming and efficient in this capacity, that rarely were the men any the wiser - except on one occasion.

It was during the tenure of the "Waiting Wives" as editors of the PX, that a group of overseas men having prepared a spaghetti supper, were desirous of dinner companions of the fair sex. We thought to "kill two birds with one stone" and asked the editresses to join them. Then rather pleased over effecting such a nice arrangement, we were jolted out of our complacency by a remark from one of the men: "You played a trick on us." When we innocently inquired "How?" and "When?" he replied, "All those girls were married!" And while he agreed that they were satisfactory dinner companions they were no good as date material. This is told that you may know everything was above reproach - and although the wives of service men had a lonely time waiting - nevertheless they waited.

Betsy Robb deserves special mention, for she was easily worth her weight in gold - and no reflection upon her size, had she weighed tons the same would be true. She sought the shy, the unattractive, and the less appealing ones, and by her sincerity, and sweetness, soon gave them the feeling of being wanted. The most ungainly and forbidding soldier, upon first sight, was Ross; everyone shunned him except Betsy. Perhaps she would have liked to, but he was her shadow. In a most touching letter he said no one had ever noticed him before and that he would never forget the kind treatment received here.

The waiting wives in their journalistic work, used the following quip to express their lonely state:

Ladies in Waiting:

On a Washington, D.C. bus a woman was heard to remark: "I hope my husband isn't late tonight. I always like to see him home before seven."

Another woman, wearing a Marine Corps emblem on her dress, signed: "How wonderful it must be to expect your husband home by the hour and not by the year."

From the PX edited by "Waiting Wives":

How do you do. We are so glad to meet you. This is the first issue of the "P.X." that we "waiting wives" have supervised, and we hope that you readers will swamp the mails with letters reading "Bravo. Encore". We are on trial now and are having such fun putting this issue together that we would love to be asked to do it again. "Letters to the Ed." are what it takes.

We "WW's" feel particularly able to write this note of news to you for we have had long months of practice writing to our husbands who are with you in India, France, England, Corsica, on a Pacific Island, on the high seas, or in a backwater town here in the States.

We know most of you either from having gone to school with you "way back when" or from having met you at the open houses here in the Church House. In case you would like a more recent or more formal introduction to us, however, we are all lined up and waiting to shake hands with you.

This is Mary Lib McDonald Croft, and this is Banks McPherson Harper, Mary Mac McIver (Mrs. Evan McIver), Louise Murray Keir, Margaret Franck Credle, Ethel Lipscomb Girvin, Shirley F ette(not a "waiting wife yet), and I am Betsy Bryant Robb.

Here we are at our posts, sirs, and we aim to please: So let's start the chatter!

ARMY WIVES

In any comprehensive account of any war activities anywhere a special section should be devoted to the army wives -- those women who followed their husbands, whenever possible. Living under conditions that were at times unbearable, far from family and friends, they nevertheless followed, making the best of difficult situations. One wife who had traversed the country from East to West remarked: "Army wives are like kites with no tails. They have no say as to where they go, but they are always there trailing along in the rear."

When Camp Butner first opened we cooperated with the U.S.O. in entertaining those Army Wives. Every Tuesday morning those whose husbands were privates or non-commissioned officers came in for a coffee hour. Later they began making curtains for the day rooms and mess halls at Camp Butner. In the afternoon the officers' wives arrived and continued the sewing -- thus we adhered to the lines of demarcation drawn by the Army. The Circles of the Woman's Auxiliary, in rotation, were hostesses on these occasions. That our hospitality was appreciated by the wives is evident from the letters received:

"How is everything in Durham? I suppose it hasn't changed much since we left there.

"I'm always thinking about everyone and how wonderful we were treated while in Durham. We will never forget it.

"Please write when you have a chance. I realize how busy you are. Don't work too hard. May I say one thing before I close, the boys in the service, and their wives, that have been to the "Church House" will never forget you and what you have done for them.

As ever,
Ethel Hanover."

"It was so sweet and thoughtful of you to be so nice to him on his return to Durham. It meant everything to Charles to be able to go to the Church House and again share in the warm home-like atmosphere that we always found there. It was really 'a home away from home'. Words will not express the gratitude and love Charles and I feel for the way you ministered to us while there in Durham. I shall never forget the enjoyable times we had at the Church House, and I shall always value those friendships I made in those few short months. Give my regards to Shirley, the Weavers, and Nelson, Mrs. Van Straaten and Mrs. Moorehead. I enjoyed knowing them and being with them at the Church House.

Evelyn Yates."

"I think you are doing a wonderful job, and it certainly is a great contribution to the men in service. I know that if they all appreciate it as much as Bob and I do then you can be assured you are rendering a wonderful service.

"Please remember me to all the nice people I met there last summer. Everyone was so gracious and it means so much when one is a 'stranger in a strange land'.

Sincerely,
Kathryn Deering."

"Please say hello to Marie for me. She's just about the sweetest person you could want to meet. Thank you again for everything and I do hope you will be able to carry on your wonderful work for servicemen and their wives. I never realized just what an active part one Church could play in a city overcrowded with servicemen and their wives.

Sincerely,
Ruth."

"I have never enjoyed a trip so much as I did my trip to Durham. I shall always remember it. Everyone was so wonderful to me. I think you are one of the nicest persons I have ever met and Paul and I do appreciate all that you did for us. It was wonderful to be with Paul even if it was just a little while. I pray every night that this war will be over soon and Paul and all the other men can come home.

"Thanks again for being so kind to us and if at any time I can help you or your good work please let me know.

Sincerely,
Madeline DuVal."

YOUTH ACTIVITIES

The Young People played a vital and important part in the Church's Defense Program. The girls, acting as junior hostesses were gracious, kind and thoughtful, willing to serve when and where needed. The boys helped too, until they donned the uniform. John Christian, Dan Williams, and Charles Sydnor, were loyal and faithful supporters. Priscilla and St. Clari Williams with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D.M. Williams, were indispensable to Saturday and Sunday affairs. Betty Ann Williams and Lydia Hutchings, charmed the men with their sweet voices both here and at Camp Butner where they sang for Chapel services. Ruth Evans was a most efficient stage director, with an attractive and talented cast composed of Mildred Branch, Betty Rogers, Peggy Allen, Lillian Bryson, Nancy Warren, Sarah Samonds, Sarah Andrews, Jean Weaver, Eleanor Woods, John Christian and his accordian, which provided a pleasant diversion for Saturday evenings. Jean Brown and Gladys Branch were two of our most faithful and gracious young hostesses, and in their quiet, gentle way helped to create an atmosphere of warmth and friendliness.

The Young People edited several issues of the "P.X." and came to our relief when correspondence got out of hand. They mailed cards on all special days to our own men and others whom we came to think of as our own. Betty Newton, Lydia Hutchings and Priscilla Williams were among our most energetic correspondants. They made scrap books of cartoons for the military hospitals and served in various other helpful capacities. Certainly our program would have been woefully lacking without their contribution. As the many expressions of appreciation from those who were guests in the Church House, and those who received their literary efforts testified: "To the Young People's League: Hello everyone! Just a word of praise concerning our P.X. Even in Texas I appreciate our monthly edition so much. I'm always eager to receive a nice word from such nice people. When I go overseas, I'll be even more anxious to receive my copy of the "P.X." Hope you keep em coming'....Harold (Fuquay)"

"Young People's League, First Presbyterian Church, Hello everyone! Just a note of thanks for the Xmas Card I received. Out here even though the mail may be a little late, we enjoy and look forward to each letter we receive. Congratulations on the fine work the league has been doing on the home front. Keep up the good work. Your card was a boost to my morale and I'm deeply grateful. Sincerely, Pvt. A.B. Causey, Jr." (Written "somewhere in New Guinea.")

"The Young People are doing a grand job - thank Lydia Hutchings for the letter she wrote me - You can never know how much the P.X. does for me....Grover Glymph"

Beginning with January 1944 and continuing until the war's end, the Young People held a service known throughout the Nation as Youth

Angelus, which constituted a call to prayer.

Special prayer services were held daily in the Cloister Chapel of our Church, conducted by a member of the Young People's League, for all who wished to attend. If, however, they could not attend, wherever they happened to be every evening at six - the hour of the service - they paused to pray for "our loved ones - at home and abroad, who had gone out from this church in the service of their country." At every Youth Angelus service each name on the Roster was read and as time passed, friends who heard of the service asked to be included. To the original petition were added these two further supplications: "For all who are suffering the anguish of war." "For an early, just and lasting peace."

The service closed with the singing or reading of the

YOUTH ANGELUS HYMN

1-
The youth of the nation
Their church bells are ringing,
At six in the evening
to call us to prayer;
O God Our Great Father,
We pray for our loved ones,
O guard them and keep them,
In Thy loving care!

2-
Confessing our weakness,
Imploring Thy guidance,
We open our hearts to
The true and the good.
May warfare be ended,
Thy family united,
In Christ the foundation
Of World Brotherhood.

Tune: "Adeste Fidelis" or "The Bells of St. Mary's"

While several Young People's organizations in the city had begun this service, the only one to carry it through was the First Presbyterian Young People's group.

Our young people deserve a special tribute for their fidelity and devotion to the Youth Angelus, for they came from all parts of the city, rain or shine, on the bus most of the time, often alone, to enter the Cloister Chapel every evening to pray for our Young Men in service. They remained faithful to this labor of love until the war's end.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

The Christmas Star shines always
In every far off place,
It's God casting his radiant light
On every Christmas face.

The Christmas Star shines always
But never as today,
It shines for you in service
In countries far away.

The Christmas Star shines always
It penetrates the night,
It's silver beams will guide you
Through the struggling fight.

--Lydia Hutchings

From the PX edited by the Young People

Prayer Services

In addition to Youth Angelus, other prayer services were held every Wednesday - morning and afternoon - in the Cloister Chapel. When the names of the men who had gone out from this church were called and prayers offered for them.

In those quiet hours we looked to God, our refuge and strength to bless our men as they contended for the right and the true, in all branches of service, wherever they might be; to keep them safe from all evil; grant them skill and courage in battle; heal their wounds; assuage their pain; and whether soon or late in days of war or days of peace the gates to a larger life were opened to receive them into His service.

We prayed that they might win everywhere the eternal victory of all good over all wickedness.

Our petitions were offered for all who ministered to the suffering caused by war, and for all who suffered the ravages of war.

For all nations engaged in war, especially those who fought at our side our prayers were said.

We prayed that God would open the eyes of those who governed and all in authority everywhere, to see His purpose and obedience to fulfill it.

For those who stayed at home we asked for courage and faith, that they might become a beacon to those struggling in the night of battle that both together might receive His praise of deeds well done. And always we prayed God to forgive the sins of the nations and grant them a righteous and enduring peace out of which would flow happiness to people everywhere.

Not only on Wednesdays but at every service in connection with the Church, silently and audibly, these petitions were offered, which never failed to bring a feeling of comfort and security during those difficult days as well as a sense of nearness to our loved ones far away.

This impression was verified by Chaplian Glenn who told us after his return from Europe that when everything went wrong, the

situation was often saved by a consciousness, mystic, but most real, that the folks at home were even then wrestling in prayer for them although they had received no word of a definite season of prayer, they felt it and its power within their hearts.

Harold Van Dusen wrote:

> "Right now I am 'sweating out' a return to a rest area. Meanwhile, I am praying fervently for an end to this war, which seems in sight. Speaking of prayers, some of you back home were certainly praying for me, for He brought me through some bad moments."

ASPECTS AND PHASES OF '44 AND '45

The Summer of 1944 marked the beginning of what may be described as a difficult period, presenting our entertainment committe with all sorts of new problems, for, Camp Butner ceased to be the training ground for new recruits alone and became a Reception and Replacement Center for veterans and later a Convalescent and Rehabilitation Center. All of these changes necessitated many changes in our program.

Mrs. T.C. Worth was chairman of the Defense Committee at this time and was ably assisted by Mesdames Harry Van Straaten, Mary Cobb Harris, J.L. Morehead, D.M. Williams, Phillip Hutchings, and W.F. Carr.

Now in addition to the boys of the 89th who were still with us and still in the flush and heyday of youth, we had battle-scarred men from the African and Italian Campaigns, and from the Pacific, and although their physical injuries were slight they bore emotional and mental scars. Many were filled with poignant doubts and misgivings involving marital and other family disturbances - lost in a labyrinth of perplexities, others suffered from battle fatigue, malaria and shock, their minds dazed and wondering in a maze of memories. Some were profoundly skeptical, others were only dimly mistrustful of our efforts, as, sympathetically and discreetly, we tried to penetrate beneath the surface of their troubled spirits and searched our vocabularies and minds for words of comfort, or some acceptable solution to their problems.

Naturally it gave us a feeling of great satisfaction to see their moods of depression yield to light heartedness and moments of gaiety and to realize we had given the men a degree of confidence.

The veterans with time on their hands, no place to go, and nothing on which to go - Uncle Sam's pay roll had not travelled as fast as they milled around in squad formation. After having lived and fought together for over two years a fraternal bond of comradeship developed, which united them into teams, and as such, they became our daily visitors. One group we called "The Four Horsemen." They had experienced both hardships and pleasures together and now each seemed to feel a sense of security only in the presence of the other.

Night after night they talked while we listened with a mixture of sympathy, curiosity and even humor, for their experiences were both appealing and humerous. They spoke jokingly of days in fox holes, sleeping in the mud, PX rations, the joy of a hot shower. Scars on one's face were casually passed over as merely a few scratches from barbed wire when he had to extricate himself in a hurry or not at all. "I didn't look very pretty for a while," he said, "but I'm fine now." But they did not joke on this story:

A convoy of trucks was crossing a bridge which at the time was under direct enemy shell fire. The drivers were forced to leave their trucks and take cover. During the shelling one truck was hit and the driver of an ammunition wagon, realizing what would happen if his vehicle was hit, rushed from his shelter, jumped into a jeep and drove across to the other bank and moved his truck to safety, only to be killed by a bursting shell on his return.

Another of the men killed several Germans, the last one wounding him - resulting in a permanent limp. "I got him, it was kill or be killed, though I was brought up to believe, 'Thou shalt not kill'." Again: "Women and children came out of their houses waving towels, begging us not to kill them. The children, especially, got me, because I have one of my own. I didn't want to kill anyone. What has happened to us?"

One was a Dog Fancier in civilian life and could talk for hours on the subject, and left us, as a parting gift, a book entitled "All Dogs Go to Heaven."

Another member of the quartette was a most likable Italian from Brooklyn, whose job before the war was maintenance man in the Hudson Tunnel. While visiting a U.S.O. on Cape Cod he had met a young woman from Boston's Back Bay whose father taught at Harvard - "Proper Bostonians" in every sense of the word.

To make a long story short, they fell in love and now that they were engaged, he was rather bewildered by so much culture and grandeur, so we spent many hours discussing social amenities, however he left us, still in a state of perplexity.

They were married, nevertheless, and are living in Brooklyn with their children. The adage "Politics makes strange bedfellows" is equally apropo of war.

Another band of inseparables, finding it hard to get group rides and having no money for bus transportation solved the problem by walking together the fifteen miles to town.

They dropped into the Church House weary and foot sore, but happy to find a place to rest and free entertainment. Later in the evening we pooled our funds and sent them back by bus.

As they returned from time to time, we heard their stories also:

"My wife asked for a divorce. It hurt at first, "but," dismissing it with a shrug of the shoulder, "I've found another girl."

Some had fought together in fox holes and together had taken to heart the high sounding civilian phrases - "You do the fighting, we'll do the rest." Like many they had talked and dreamed of their home-

coming. Obviously what they saw and heard in those first days at home was disappointing, and as a consequence, debunking all the noble and altruistic motives, which had so gloriously inspired them in the early years of the war, seemed to be the order of the day. Thus we had to mollify or at least attempt to soften their disgruntled spirits.

In contrast to the inseparables there was the soldier who travelled alone, coming to the Church House every night for months until he was as much a fixture as the furniture. And while there were moments when his listeners were only inches from oblivion and found it a task indeed to keep awake, they stuck to it and evidently did a good job for he brought his bride here on their honeymoon to show her where he had spent so many happy hours.

So did others as witnessed by their grateful letters - "Again I want to thank you for the wonderful times that the boys and I had with you in Durham, and I want you to know that I will never forget you and the others who made my stay at Butner very pleasant. That will be my most pleasant memory of North Carolina."

George Wellock

"I want to thank you for the pleasant evenings spent there in Durham. I can honestly say that I have never been treated equally as well elsewhere. Some day I should like to bring my wife to Durham to meet you and your friends.

I suppose that Himmy and Chris have been assigned by now. I suppose the place isn't the same without them."

John Packard

It was also during that Summer that our Church with other organizations in Durham, assumed the responsibility of furnishing a day room at Camp Butner. Mrs. T.C. Kerns, Mrs. Joe Lyon and Mrs. John Kerr, Jr., were in charge of arrangements and made the rooms cheerful and homelike with bright chintz curtains, pillows and chair covers; also contributing books, current magazines and bowls of ivy. Jars of cookies too were taken out from time to time and the men were often invited into homes for dinner, though these were the days of real food shortages - one hostess told of how she had to dress up neck-bones for a main dish.

Such briefly was the situation in that summer of '44 and the memory of its exegencies still continue to haunt the recesses of our minds. But, dismayed and bewildered as we were, our show had to go on and despite our own worries we had to try to restore the boys faith in this lopsided world to which they had returned. To some extent we succeeded - We hope.

By the Fall of '44 another tribe, whom we recall as Buddy, Joe, Jack, Bill, Ralph and George became our steadies. Tom was a noted spaghetti cook so this delectable dish was enjoyed on numerous occasions. His girl, Josephine, spent Christmas of that year in the Church House. They were later married and lived in Durham until Camp Butner closed.

Ralph fell in love with Shirley, our secretary, at first sight, and gradually monopolized more and more of her time and interest until finally when she went to visit his home in Massachusetts, we knew it was only a matter of time. Which was quite true for the engagement was soon announced and the wedding took place in April of '45 in the Church with the other buddies as groomsmen.

They are now living very happily in Attleboro, Massachusetts.

The year '45 continued very much as usual, although there were fewer men coming into the Church House, for Camp Butner was now a Hospital Area. Most of the boys we had known were on the various Battle fronts, and in an effort to keep in touch with them, our correspondence had become a stupendous undertaking. Letters, some containing souvenirs and gifts, were received daily. Letters describing as "Out of this world." And certainly such resorts had been in peace times for they were the most exclusive European spots formerly only visited by Royalty and the rich, and now were "hangouts" for G.I.'s.

V-E DAY

V.E. Day came at last, and amid the whistles and sirens there was much sober rejoicing and thanksgiving. Services were held in the Church when our people united in prayer and praise to God for the Victory, and for the hastening of the day when all war should cease and peace reign supreme.

V-J DAY

We together with the rest of the world now anxiously awaited V-J Day. For many of our men were fighting in the Pacific, in the meantime continuing our work for those who had returned. Finally as things and events have a way of doing that day too arrived and our prople again assembled in the Sanctuary to give Praise to God for the Victory. The order of Service followed one prepared by the Federal Council of Churches for use throughout Christendom, and as we united our hearts and voices we had a definite feeling of kinship with the rest of mankind and felt as we rarely have since, at peace with the world.

As the need for workers at Camp Butner grew our Service work in the Church House gradually diminished and many of our women went over to the Gray Ladies, and did their work in the Hospital Convalescent Wards, rendering splendid service.

As the Hospital work laxed our Church House work waned until Christmas of 1945 only a few of our friends were left and after a Christmas Even dinner with them the Church House program for Service men officially closed. But even that last little effort was worth while as we can see by the following letter:

Friday, March 16, 1945

Dear Mrs. Matthis:

Any trite passages we might use to express our gratefulness for your hospitality last night, would be feeble indeed.

So we must resort to a short, but sincere, "thanks for everything."

Buddy, Joe, Jack, Bill, Ralph, George.

CORRESPONDENCE

Contrary to the generally accepted opinion, the G.I.'s, we believe, were thinking seriously about the world for which they were fighting. Certainly many of them held tenaciously to their ideals throughout those gruelling years.

"How shall I begin? There's so much I want to tell you - all the disturbing and alarming attitudes that distress you, are leaving us equally discouraged - the selfishness exhibited on every hand by those untouched by the war, leaves us dumfounded ----

I've come to the conclusion that the only compensation and consolation of an individual in these circumstances, must be within himself - in the knowledge that he had served as best he can. What else or how else can he form a philosophy that will hold in check the bitterness and the cynicism which arises within his heart?"

E. Phippips.

"It is a beautiful Sunday afternoon - the sky is so blue and the clouds so white - a cool air is coming from the ocean and all the Philippines, yes, the whole world has its eyes turned towards the sky - not only looking for the planes of peace, but in thanksgiving to God, from whom all good things come and that peace of all understanding."

Steve

"We have learned one great lesson in this war and that's to appreciate the small things. A card from a friend now far out shadows the extravagencies our fond parents were prone to shower upon us at the slightest provocation. We've learned that the whole is made of parts, and were amazed. Now we scrutinize those parts and find sentiments in life we never suspected -- or rather we had taken as a matter of something due us. That's why it is so important to me that you understand that even though I am tardy in expressing my appreciation for your thoughts of me, I've selfishly enjoyed the warmth your remembrances brought all along."

Fred.

"I am enclosing a clipping that should interest the Young People - a Methodist proposal for a "Youth Army". Something along the line of construction work abroad would certainly interest me after the war."

Harold.

Harold quotes an aviator fighting in the South Pacific about the good that comes from war. He considered war as a final test of: (1) Courage, (2) Selflessness - the willingness to lay down

one's life for a friend or cause, (3) Patriotism, (4) Leadership and faith in leadership. He feels that war tests these virtues, and that without war or something similar these virtues would rot from disuse. I think that he has given us something to ponder. We should certainly find more substitutes, such as the "Youth Army", to prevent the neglect of these virtues hereafter.

Then there was the oft repeated story of the chaplain and the sergeant in the same foxhole during a particularly heavy bombing attack, when both prayed out loud. When the attack was over the chaplain said: "Sergeant, I notice you were praying." "Sir," replied the Sergeant, "there are no atheists in foxholes." It is true that in war the overwhelmed hearts of soldiers turn more readily to God, but it is difficult to believe they turn from fear only or "for the duration". Especially after reading the letters. In quoting from these letters we have no desire to betray the confidences of those who bared their hearts, but rather to bequeath to others the strength of spirit and hope of the future contained in them.

George Radcliff wrote of a service he attended in Chattanooga as follow:

"Sunday night at the church, T/Sgt. Coolidge, the Congressional Medal of Honor winner from that church, spoke, saying that the home was the most important influence in a man's life, and stating something I have found to be true, that men are Christians in the army in the same proportion as they were in civilian life, more likely fewer since the army is not such a good influence."

It seems to have been generally true that the soldier overseas thought and talked more about where he had been than where he was, preferred to see the flics of memory rather than the present scene. And always his favorite picture was that of home, not just his own home complete with Mom, and apple pie and the corner soda shop. Rather he preferred a view of his country as a whole with, believe it or not, the church as a prominent feature of that view. Or so we judged from the many letters we received in response to our questionnaire "What do you want in your postwar world?"

In answer to the specific question, "What do you hope to find in the church on your return?" they gave various replied but these can be summed up we think like this:

A desire to see the church realize its highest objectives, which they felt it had not done; lack of unity, denominationalism, the lack of militancy in fighting for social reform; the failure to offer sufficient challenge to youth. They deplored the church's "Ivory Tower" kind of religion, that the church come out of doors and not remain cloistered. Some expressed scorn of organized formal religion, stating that "simplicity was lacking in the average

church", also sincerity.

There was needed, according to one opinion, a church which is the conscience of society, "a church which will condemn selfish nationalistic imperialism, compromising social action."

In answer to one correspondent, troubled by his attempt to reconcile Christianity with the act of courageous soldiering, we sent this message through the PX:

"We think you are right to fight in this war, as terrible as it is, because in fighting you are making a choice between evils, and are choosing the lessor one.

There is only one thing worse than war, and that is the enslavement of men by ruthless powers. Over and over, history has proven that the best soldier is the Christian Soldier, fighting for the cause of freedom."

Here are some more answers that we thought too good to summarize - that it would be easy for us to develop a religion of nationalism after the war. We are going to be in need of a great many more people than the church now has who can demonstrate the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory of God if we are going to have a better world," is the opinion of Dick.

Al says: "Our chaplain here is very good. At present he is giving a series of talks on the Sermon on the Mount, and puts it in a way that really makes us think about applying it to our lives --Christians are needed over here to help piece together the broken chords of the Church."

Tom wrote: "I often think of the experience we had during our first night on -------- Island. The night before was spent on an L.C.T. coming up from the -------- Island. I thought then, and I still think, that night on the L.C.T. reached an all-time low as far as misery was concerned. Huddled up as we were on top of the supplies, drenched one minute by the rain and the next by the sea, surrounded on all sides by sea-sickness----it was one of the dreariest experiences I have ever known.

The day we landed, my friend Dick Hill and I were unable to get our packs off the boat before it pulled out. We knew it would soon be dark and we fully expected to be bombed during the night. As a result, we hastily dug a fox-hole and decided to sleep in it, or at least try to. Right after dark it began to rain and we soon realized that if we stayed in the fox-hole we would drown. Crawling out, we found nearby a tarp that had been set up over some supplies, and climbed under it. We were lying on the ground wet and cold, and as time passed it grew colder. Somehow, Dick got hold of a blanket, which I am convinced some angel was responsible for, and we pulled

it over us - soon we were fairly dry and warm. Outside, it continued to rain and as I lay there under that tarp and blanket, listening to the rain, I believe it was the most blessed and satisfying feeling I've ever known. For the first time in my life I really knew what it means to have a shelter to keep out the rain and a blanket, to keep out the cold. Those two simple things, a tarp and a blanket, appeared to me in their true colors, they took their rightful place among the precious gifts of God, and I lifted up my heart in thanksgiving. I learned, during that moment, what it means to be thankful and that, I believe, is something greatly to be cherished. For a thankful heart is one that has drawn closer to God."

All manner of church services scattered far and wide were described.

Margaret Cameron writing from India says:

"Our church service is a mixture of patients in robes, nurses in duty uniforms and our men in kakhi. Although we miss the Churches as we have known them at home we feel very fortunate with what we have here. We are now seeing some of the people who have been here longer than we, sent back home, so all are looking to a day not too far distant when we can once again walk familiar streets, see faces we know and become a part of some little home town once more. I am sure that this experience will have taught us more than ever the value of our homes, churches, and home life."

John Koy writing from Germany:

"A few days ago I had the pleasure of attending church services in the village Protestant Church, a sturdy stone building, which has no doubt been in service for many years. The service was conducted by an Army Chaplain who was helped along by the civilian organist of the church. It was odd to note hanging around the church the floral wreaths in memory of members of the congregation who had died for the "glory of Germany", so the inscriptions said. Then, too, a prominent place was set aside on the church wall for the names of all from the church who had died "for the same reason" in World War I (1914-19). It was, however, a pleasure to attend services in a real church again, after not having done so in so long.

Dick says: "I was able to visit Rome Easter. It was really an "up town" Easter. I attended services at St. Paul's American Church (Episcopal) and it was packed. As in the States, every bit of standing room was taken and lots of "brass" was present too. As always the Hon. and Mrs. Taylor (Myron) were present. But in spite of, or perhaps because of the crowd, the service was not only beautiful, but inspiring and moving. The Chaplain in charge is an able preacher (even by Presbyterian standards). Easter evening I heard the Cistine Choir give a concert at the Catholic Club. They (the

Choir) were thrilling, without doubt the most inspiring choral music I have heard since overseas."

Clinton says: "At a church near the hospital here I have had the most enjoyable experience in teaching for the past three months a class of English lads. They seem quite pleased for an American to be their teacher and I wish I could write some of their humerous sayings.

I have often been reminded of the boys in Mr. McDevitt's class. How are they?

My brother and I have never forgotten the pleasant time we had at the First Presbyterian Church in Durham and of your unselfish service to your guests."

Harold says: "Let me tell you about the church: It's a typical French village church, very small in size, but the Gothic architecture and the everpresent church grave-yards (or should I say "cemetery"?) give it beauty that is hard to excell.

Inside we have plain wooden pews with backs so straight that you are forced to sit at attention when your back is begging for a "10 minute break."

The altar is of walnut highly polished and covered with much lace, linen, and velvet, Statues, statuettes, candle-sticks, books ----crosses of every size, shape and color. It is just like a small cathedral.

Of course, nearly all the people are Catholics. In fact, there are only approximately a million Protestants in all France. The services are High Mass and they are something to behold. Between all the French and Latin that is spoken at such a rapid rate, I'll admit I'm lost most of the time. But this morning I took a prayer-book with me, so I understood most of the service...and it was so beautiful."

Joseph Wilkerson says: "Today I had the pleasure of attending a very unusual church service so I will say a few words about it. We are in a port at the present time. We were invited to the service aboard a large ship. Most of the crew and all the officers who could be spared went to the service. It was out on a deck, and the entire deck was literally packed with hundreds of men who came from the smaller ships. They had a piano and a small choir consisting of about eight men led by an enlisted man. I think it was the best service that I have seen in the Navy and the music was as good as in any church. I will venture to say that more than the usual number of the congregation took part in the singing. This being a small ship, we have no Chaplain of our own. We are not often in port where we are able to go over to a larger ship. Our usual service here is

a short service led by one of the officers, each of us taking a turn. The service is short. The music is from the radio. I play several records of sacred music which helps. The records are from an album that was given to me in Ulithi several months ago and we have had much use for them.

Again, I will say that I am grateful for what you people are doing to make things easier for us and to keep the contact with the church at home."

"Recently I had the pleasure of attending a Basque Church. These Churches are different from ours or the Catholics. It is one of those religions that has been created. These people do believe in the Bible and worship, in a sense of the word, according to the ways of the Bible. All Basque Churches have two balconies that form a U shaped sphere around the church. The ground floor is reserved for visitors and the aged people. The first balcony is divided into two sections one side is for married women and the other is for single women and the second balcony is reserved for the men. The married men sit opposite the married women and the single men sit opposite the single women. When a couple get married, their seats are taken down to the married section, or moved over to the other side. When either the husband or wife dies she reverts back to the single section and the chair of the departed also returns to the single side."

Al.

"Last Sunday, after our regular service, our quartet sang at the English Luthern Church here in Biarritz. It was great to again mingle with civilians who could speak your own language also to enjoy a simple but honest message right from the heart."

Richard.

Dick says: "I received a letter from Chap. Mosser (and the book on Baptism) and he indicated that he had performed a marriage ceremony in the Cloister Chapel. I remember the talk about the Chapel and the first dossal that you hung behind the Holy Table. Do you have a photo of the Chapel as it is now? Sometime when you write or send the PX enclose a bulletin. I think your services are well planned and all seem to have a logical progression. I have saved one you sent once for future reference - the one using a "Dedication Office".

I have discovered a new hymn I like very much. "Praise My Soul the King of Heaven" - #14 in "The Hymnal" (Presby.)"

Chaplain Daane writes from an island in the Pacific: "Last Sunday we had a native missionary preach for us and he said it was the coming of the Missionaries that changed this area from Cannibalism and Head-hunting to peaceful living and following the teaching of Jesus. He certainly was grateful to the Americans for getting back the Islands for the Natives. Certainly missionary work does reap rich dividends and we are profitting by it in this war."

Wherever I am on Christmas Eve
I send my love o'er land and sea.
I'll toss a smile to the moon and
She will beam on you with love from me.

My faith I'll trust to the stars and they
Will search you out and light your way.
I'll breathe a sigh to the wind and he
Will whisper to you tenderly -
And so by wind or moon or stars
You'll have my love till victory's ours.

W.R.E. Coleman

This message from one of our men was so timely it was incorporated in the PX, and has lost nothing of its value since, so is again included:

"I am confident that you know the significance of war without actually having been under fire. There is one particularly definite truth which this war has taught me, or possible pointed out to me - a truth that stands firm in double talk: That now and always, the the people of a nation will be held responsible for what their leaders do. It is not a question of the people's guilt or innocence, because good people are found in all lands, and they can be forced to experience and suffer catastrophe because of madness and folly of selfish leaders. I have seen so much evidence of it over here.

"It is very difficult to realize how fortunate we Americans are to have had such strong and brilliant men with such an incredible foresight to construct our Constitution, the God-sent Charter which permits the will of the good people to become the law of the land.

"There is no doubt about it - Democracy had been our "secret weapon". It is our most precious earthly possession and it demands its nourishment and care, like a little baby; it means everything. You can see it so much more clearly from over here.

"You young people must realize the tremendous responsibility which now is being gradually delegated to you; and yet at the same time, hang on to your bobby-socks and your double malted shakes--- and your jitterbug too, if you like. (If they had had that sort of thing over here in Germany a few years ago, it might have saved millions of lives.)

"I know I have said it rather poorly, but please believe me when I say I have said it sincerely.

"Permit me to say again that now and always, the people of a nation will be held responsible for what their leaders do."

Sincerely, Romeo R. Germino

In answer to another question in our questionnaire we received the following: "How can you have ideas about internationalism and how can you expect a fair and lasting peace when the only reading we have done is "Superman"? "World peace will never be maintained until America can become better educated." "The G.I. away from home sees the good things of his life at home in a new perspective--he wants those good things to be better when he gets home and he wants everybody to have them."

A summary of the correspondence and the conversation is to the effect that there will never be lasting satisfaction while most human beings exist in poverty, ignorance and despair.

"We have to make the round earth our home - we must have faith in people, compassion for people, whether they have white faces, brown faces or black faces." This hope, faith and compassion for people, whether they have white faces, brown faces or black faces." This hope, faith and compassion they felt must be the center of life, and all action to be based upon that foundation, or else we would face destruction.

After quoting from numerous letters expressing gratitude for our hospitality, our friendship, the many courtesies we extended to the service men and their families we have, by no means, exhausted the subject of appreciation, for we have more, equally as sincere, and which still sound like music to our ears. Here are a few picked at random:

"You will be interested to know that one of our boys, Pvt. Richard W. Powers, has appreciated the services at the First Presbyterian Church. Dick Powers is a boy that did not take a very active part in church or young people's work. Therefore, I was happy to learn from him that since he began attending services at your Church he has been regular in his attendance. He says that it is one place where he feels at home.

Rev. Sydney S. Byrne."

"You linked us up with your Church in a way we shall never forget, last winter.

Yours Sincerely,
The Hagers."

"I have just finished a careful reading of the booklet you sent me. I found it to be very good, and appreciate having it in my possession. I have read the 23rd Psalm often, and even committed it to memory, but after reading "The Song of our Syrian Guest" the Psalm opened up to me in a new way, and I have drunk in its deeper and clearer meaning. Thank you for sending me the fine little book.

"I wish to thank you for sending me the PX which I look forward to reading. I also wish to thank you for your encouragement and prayers, for I'm positive that they have made me a finer and braver soldier.

Bill Rinne.

"How are things in Durham these days - and are there still the thousands of G.I.'s wearing out your sidewalks? I've really missed the weekends I used to spend there - and the many good friends I made at the Church House. Remember me to them, please.

Bob Deering

Walter Shackleford: "I have been receiving remembrances from the Church and have greatly appreciated the kind thoughts of all of you. The gals that call themselves the 'waiting wives' or 'waiting hopefuls' can be mighty proud of their efforts in making a mighty readable news and gossip sheet. It is nice to be able to keep up with a lot of people you don't ordinarily have contact with that way."

Ross says: "Don't think for once I have forgotten you. All your kindness can't ever be forgotten. I may be able to say I didn't like certain parts of the South. But I will always be able to say a lot of good about you and your staff there in Durham. Keep up your good work."

Bill of the 89th Division writes: "I can hardly believe that it has been over four months since we enjoyed the warm hospitality of your Presbyterian Church. The Church House came to be more than a house to us - it was a home. The blazing fire, the fresh flowers, the interesting books, the bowl of red apples, the music, the games, and the friendly people created a home-like atmosphere that turned what would have been many dull week-ends into wonderful memories."

"Every once in awhile since I have left Durham and the warm hospitality of you and the Church I have that I would like to in some way show my gratitude and thanks. So, although I can never in full repay your kindness I wish that you would accept this Postal Money Order for twenty five dollars to aid in Christ's work. More than this I, and many others like me, owe for having been brought safely through these last few years.

Sincerely,
Bruce Bradley

"It would be impossible to express my gratitude for your friendly hospitality with this pen and paper. I'm one soldier that will never forget Durham, North Carolina. Some day, perhaps, I may be through Durham again, and I only hope it will be after the war.

"I want to thank you, the Worth family, Mrs. Matthis, and the Church for making my visits to Durham pleasant ones.

"If we only would have more and more good Christian people like you in this old world of ours, I'm sure there would be no War.

Ralph Steppe

"I haven't by any means forgotten the fine people I met in Durham. If I begin to mention names I will be sure to omit some. I do want to be remembered to Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Morehead, Mrs. Carr, Shirley Faucette and Alice Johnson (Is it still Miss Johnson?) Is Charles Yates still in the States? How is your son, and where is he?

Bill Rinne

"I was thinking last Saturday night about that big Watermelon feed we had back of the Church last summer - Remember? Boy but we sure did have some good old times didn't we? I sure haven't had any like them since I left. Someday I will be back and we will talk it all over.

"Well I guess I have said enough for now. Please remember me to all of my old friends in the Church and tell them that I said 'Hello.'"

Jimmie Nolan

"Words annot express our deep appreciation for the many kind deeds you have done for us. We will never forget, and face the unknown future with greater courage and determination always to do our best. Thank you and God bless you as you continue to serve.

Chaplain John F. Herion."

Mothers of Servicemen too wrote commending our work. Here are a few samples:

"I feel I must drop a line of appreciation for the conveniences and comfort you afforded my son, Harold, during his three months' stay in Camp Butner. On his last furlough home in September he told me all about your church services and accommodations for service men of the near-by camps. My son is an earnest Christian who had always attended S.S. and church services, so enjoys the fellowship of other Godly people as he visits their church.

"His last camp letter was written to us from your 'Rooms' just before being transferred to New York. While there he called us on the phone before he embarked. We have not heard from him since - now three weeks.

Mary Dean

"Many thanks for your prayers and interest in befriending our many service men so far away from home. I have been telling our churches in town how fine you are 'carrying on' for our Lord's

Cause. To be 'fishers of men' should be the aim of every true church in our country. May God reward each effort on your part.

Sincerely yours,
Elizabeth Rinne."

"May I express my husband's appreciation to you and the Church for the kindness you have shown him since he has been in service for his Country.

"I have just returned from a visit with him and was there when he received your nice letter some time ago, and he asked me to write you and say that the letters had helped him so much and he was looking forward to the day when he could come back and meet and renew friendships, and to please remember him in your prayers along with others.

"It makes me happy to know that you all are thinking of him and I, too, hope that I can soon have the pleasure of meeting you and thanking you in person for the great work all of you are doing with your personal letters.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. A.B. Causey,Jr."

"May this letter help you to know how much comfort you have given to a lonely, homesick young soldier and to his parents across the United States.

"Our nineteen year old son William A. Carroll, who was stationed at Camp Butner, North Carolina, from June 1944 to December 25th had told us about you and asked me to write to you.

"Bill gathered a group of several young boys around him by the names of Kirkham, Dean, Bushard and Resnik. These boys found their nearest approach to the atmosphere of 'Home' with its kindness and comfort, was given to them by you in the Presbyterian Church House on Sunday afternoons.

"These young boys entered the Army directly from high school and had one furlough in their one year and a half's training before going over-seas. You can readily realize how grateful they were for your kindness and the touch of 'Home' you provided for them.

"They left for over-seas on December 26th, and are now fighting in the front lines in Germany.

"The USO has its fine qualities and its usefulness for the older boys, but it could never provide the Christian home-like atmosphere these eighteen and nineteen year old boys were looking for.

"We want you to know how worthwhile the time you spend with the soldiers is to them.

"With a heart full of thanks, from a grateful Presbyterian Mother,

Mrs. Fred C. Carroll
Corcoran, California."

Elwood Chase says that while stagnating on Russell Isle for over a year amid the heat and loneliness, the interest and kindness of those in the First Church helped to pep up his morale and added happiness to a monotonous existence.

"Your paper which you kindly sent to me regularly was a bright spot always. I looked forward to it and read every word.

"With kind regards always
Gwynne."

"Today Billy Appel received a letter from Mrs. Carr and I dare say we all enjoyed it. Even if I don't find time to write to many I would like to - I do wish you would remember me to her.

I had a letter from Mrs. Russell of Green, New York - in which she states the Southern people are the finest she ever knew. I also believe this with all my heart.

I was home for five days and did enjoy seeing my mother and sister - Rest of the family are all over the world. One brother in Italy, one in South Pacific, and others in California and Canada. Never before have we been so far apart - but I am sure it hasn't changed our deep love for each other.

It is growing late - I enjoyed this talk with you. I do hope this will find you well and happy.

Always in love,
Steve

Dear Mrs. Matthis;

Although it may not seem so, I am very grateful for each edition of your publication the "P.X.". It is very comforting to hear about the doings of people we know or know of, and especially to know that they are for the present still safe. I didn't know what worry meant until I started "Sweating out" my brother's tour of overseas duty. Now that he has returned safely I really feel a lot different.

Skip.

THE PX (PRESBYTERIAN EXCHANGE)

We have spoken several times of the PX, now the time has come to explain these cryptic letters.

The Presbyterian Exchange (better known as the PX) our official letter to the men in service was initiated by Douglas Morehead and later edited by different groups or organizations in the church, including Mothers, Fathers, Business Women, "Waiting Wives" and Young People. For three years the PX was sent out at more or less regular intervals to the far corners of the earth, bearing news of home and family, of church and community, to our men and women scattered on all of the continents and on many islands in all the seas. It was a bridge of contact and a bond of friendship between us here at home and our loved ones and friends. Through it and personal letters, we kept in touch with each other, learned something of what others were doing and thinking in general, kept our lines of communication open. Certainly we gathered from the boys' letters that the PX was a great source of comfort and pleasure to those who received it ... Quote:

"Dear P.X. staff, I have received your P.X. paper & I think it is very nice. This is the first one I have got since I have been here. When I was in Butner I was always wondering what the P.X. was. But I never thought I would receive one myself.

"There used to be 5 of us from C. Company of the 353 Infantry and one was George Kirkham who was getting a P.X. But now he isn't with us. And now we all get one... But I want to thank all of you for sending me one. I really like it. And I hope to receive more of them... I really enjoy this paper... Pfc. Herbert M. Dean"

"Being one of those who have received your excellent PX's in silence for so long, I'd like to express my sincere appreciation to you and the members of the congregation who have made them possible. Your newsy articles and Mr. Regen's inspiring talks were looked forward to like letters from home. Many thanks, - the best church exchange I've seen yet! Yours truly, Virgil Ashbaugh, Jr."

"To the P.X. Staff, Many thanks for the copies of P.X. that I receive. I've just received the November issue and even tho our mail service is slow, they do catch up, and it's a pleasure to relax and catch up on the news from Durham.

"Though my years (nine) previous to coming in the army were spent in California, I still see names of schoolmates that I knew at D.H.S.... In closing I'd like to say that the P.X. staff is really doing their part. With best wishes, A.B. Causey, Jr."

"The PX follows me like a bloodhound, but a welcome one. I'm always surprised to find it in my mail. Today the Easter issue arrived just at the right time, and I've enjoyed reading Dr. Regen's message as well as news of others in the church.

"I really appreciate the untiring efforts of the Editors in getting the issues to me. And I know it has been an effort because of my continual moving about.... Calude Adams III"

"What a thrill was mine when I received my first copy of "PX" and your nice personal letter. As I hurriedly scanned each page of its news, picking out names mentioned, trying to trace back a memory for some of them and eagerly gleaning all the news of those names that were familiar, I could have been mistaken for one of your "Young Peoples Club Members"....what with all the zeal and enthusiasm displayed! (that is, if one did not look too closely) ...Margaret Cameron"

"With every issue of the P.X. I find that some new group has been responsible for its edition. It's a good idea and I might say that the paper remains tops on my list of periodicals. That Dads paper was really swell and their idea of the service man's printing, or rather being responsible for the news is a good one...Al Baumgarten."

"Again I was happy to receive the PX from you folks. I really enjoy reading all about some of the people I knew while stationed down there and also the messages put out by Minister. His brief messages are so helpful and cheerful it makes us feel good to know there is always someone to help us out of our times when we may just be a little discouraged... Al Baumgarten."

"I'm sure I speak for all my friends from the church in the service when I tell you that we're very proud of our "P.X." and we're grateful to everyone for devoting so much time and talent to bring us such a paper so full of wit, news, and food for thought. We appreciate it very much... Harold Fuquay"

Sgt. George Arms was 'trying to dig out of a big blanket of snow' when he wrote from Belgium. "I receive the P.X. regularly and read every word of it and enjoy it very much.'"

Estelle and Bob Phillips wrote us from Daytona Beach where Bob was in the Medical Corps connected with the Welsh Convalescent Hospital. Estelle said, "I feel I've been away from Durham forever, but nothing keeps as enlightened as that 'little morale builder, the P.X.'"

Ed Glymph, while on an air-craft carrier in the Pacific, wrote "Even though there's a lot of water in the Pacific, the P.X. gets there just the same. Thank the waiting wives for the good work they are doing."

Dan Shackleford wrote to congratulate the editors of the P.X. on the fine work they were doing. "Every issue is read with enthusiasm and from cover to cover."

From somewhere in France came a letter from D.L. Boone, Jr., with the A.G. Department, "I enjoy reading the news from the church. Keep up the good work."

Richard Lowmaster said: "I am writing this letter to express my appreciation for receiving your monthly issue of the P.X., and also to give you my latest address. I have been meaning to write much earlier than this, but have just put it off until now. As a result of my not writing, the P.X. travels all over the United States and the Pacific before it reaches me.... In this organization a person doesn't have the opportunity to visit the Lord's House as much as he would like to for we work around the clock. The P.X. sort of fills that gap, especially the issue on Easter. It was a fine piece of work. Thanking you again for sending the P.X. to a lonesome stranger."

From Warren Kegerise who was a chaplain's assistant in Burma: I still receive the P.X. regularly and eat it up word for word. I still say that it is the best idea that I have seen for a church to do for its boys overseas. The greatest longing a soldier has is for news from home, and your paper gives him just that. They say a soldier is a 'chow hound' and that he makes a bee line for the mess hall when he hears the call. That may be true but he just about triples that speed when he hears mail call."

Stephen Bergstresser, who was in the Okinawa campaign, said, "I read the last P.X. in a foxhole but the next few issues should be read under better conditions."

Joseph Wilkerson, in the Pacific, wrote, "I am particularly grateful for the P.X. because I realize someone spends a lot of time and effort to produce each issue."

Richard Bennett writing from Braunsfels, Germany, "I am still getting the P.X. and I don't have words to express my appreciation for remembering me. It does a person good to know he is remembered occasionally and mail is the best way to let him know that he is thought of and the P.X. is 'First Class' mail."

Walter Coleman from Japan: "I haven't received the P.X. lately, of course I haven't received any mail either. We are moving so fast now that mail doesn't catch up with us...Please write and don't forget my P.X."

In a letter to the editors of the P.X. Dr. Robert Ross said:

"At last I have the opportunity of telling you what an excellent job you are doing. The time, devotion, and thought that is so evident in your work does not escape those who receive your sheet and who read it with a warm glow and a sense of appreciation and understanding."

Again we quote Joseph L. Wilkerson: "It is now Jan. 20, 1946. I have just received a copy of the Presbyterian Exchange which is dated in November. However, it was most welcome. Since our ship had been making trips to Korea and other places away from Navy Mail Service we did not get any mail for about six weeks. The recent copy of the Exchange was most welcome. Surprising to learn of so many returning to civilian life. I have enjoyed each issue of the Presbyterian Exchange that I have received. It is indeed thoughtful of our church to remember us that way."

From Stewart P. Alexander, Jr.; "I have been receiving the PX. put out by the church, regularly, although I have not mentioned it. I appreciate the news and messages in it very much, and am interested in finding out where my friends are at various times, although I have been able to contact very few of them so far. Again, I wish to thank you for your holiday greetings and hope soon to be back with the church, my friends and family."

Cpl. Bill Allbright wrote in November 1944;"Thanks heaps for the "P.X.", I really enjoy reading the news from home. The persons who are responsible for the editing really are gifted in journalism. The little story about my affair in a barn has been altered now. We are living in a modern French home complete with all conveniences, furnace, lights, beds, and right in a modern French city. The story of George's thoughts of entering France really floored me, but after talking with some engineer men, I can readily understand his feeling. The Lightning Division is here now, so tell the folks that the war will end now that they finally arrived in France. Best wishes for a happy Christmas season and a wonderful New Year".

Sergeant Frederick Bishop who was in Australia in Aug. 1945, wrote; "I get no end of pleasure from every word in the PX. You are doing a wonderful job in keeping us informed as to the home front. Have been around Australia and the Islands, I am happy to say there is no place like North Carolina."

From Bad Nauheim, Germany, Walter Thomas wrote us; "This note is somewhat late but that does not alter my appreciation in having been put on the mailing list for the "PX". Although I was not a member, I had the pleasure of attending your church with several friends who were members. About the same time that I entered the Army, my family moved to Raleigh and the "PX" has brought me news

of many friends and former schoolmates that otherwise I would have received no news at all.

Although, a few months ago, I was transferred here to 15th Army Headquarters, I have still been receiving my copies regularly. Thank you again!"

Here is a letter from the wife of one of our boys; "Committee of PX. - I thought I would write this letter to you and notify you of the change of address for Neil. He was shipped out again a week and a half ago. Would you please be so kind as to mail the P.X. to him at the address I have written below as he is so happy when he receives it.

"I too, would appreciate it very much if you have any extra copies left over each time, to mail me one also. I am, as you know, not from Durham but Neil introduced me to so many people, for the short time we visited there, that I feel as though I know some of the people of whom you write.

"Both Neil and I consider the P.X. an excellent paper and so full of interesting articles, especially Mr. Regan's messages, as they seem to bring us closer to Durham. We are rather homesick and when the P.X. came we would take time out and read everything in it, word for word.

Mrs. Neil A. Graham, Jr.

J.A. Robb, writing from Corsica, said this: "If my good intentions only actuated me a little more strenously this letter would have been written much sooner than this. I am rather ashamed that I have waited until now for you have been more than thoughtful in my behalf. I want to tell you how thoroughly I enjoy the P.X. although the names in it are for the most part unfamiliar I get great pleasure from Dr. Regen's section of the letter.

I am looking forward to the day when I can return to the states and meet you and Betsy's other friends. Until then my best wishes to you. Thank you for sending the P.X. and please keep me on the mailing list."

Norman Separk from "Somewhere in the Pacific" writes: "For sometime you have been sending me the PX and I enjoy and appreciate it very much. It surely is good to know where people are that you know and the P.X. gives that to you - Also it lets us know what the people back home think of the men in service.

"The reason of this letter is to thank you for sending me a copy of P.X. and also to notify you of my new address."

"I'm sorry I haven't written in such a long time. I have been getting my P.X. right along and you can never know how much it does for me. It tells me of interests at home and of friends far away on all the battle fronts. Grover Glymph."

Bobby Branch of the Army Air Froce had this to say: "Everytime I get a P.X. I let my buddies read it and even though they know none of you, they are glad to know what people are doing."

Evan McIver wrote us, among other things: "The P.X. is a grand news sheet and think you people back home are doing a great job. Keep them coming. My regards to Dr. Regan and the others on the staff. Thank you again for your letter, drop us a line whenever you can."

In July, 1944, Bob Elliot wrote: "I did receive the recent copy of the P.X. which I enjoyed equally as much as the preceeding copies I've received. That little newspaper was a swell idea, and too, the name chosen is quite original and very appropriate. I shall look forward to future editions."

This from Cpl. Fred Williams: "I just had to let you know how much I enjoy and appreciate your "PX". All of us are so far flung that its impossible to keep up with each other. In each issue I find the names of at least one person in whom I have a personal interest. In the States I always looked forward to each issue, but out here its a 'must'."

Jimmy Copperidge said, in part: "I have been planning to write you for some time and tell you how much I appreciate the P.X. It is a fine little paper and tells exactly what a service man wants to know; where his old buddies are and what they are doing."

From "Somewhere in Germany" Haorld Fuenay wrote: "Oh, yes, - while I think of it, Remember Walter Thomas? I think I told you that I send him my copies of the P.X. He appreciates them very much and I thought it would be very nice if he might be added to your mailing list since so much of the news you print is of his friends and acquaintances. Since you have such a huge mailing list this may be impossible, however, I hope that you can. After I receive mine and then mail it to him after reading it over, much time has elapsed and the news has become stale. I'd like for him to receive his copy as early as possible."

James N. Sewell while in Florida sent us this: "Please thank on my behalf, all of the staff of the P.X. for an excellent job in getting out the P.X. I certainly did appreciate it a lot and am sorry I did not write sooner."

In January, 1945, Louis Roberts worte us the following: "I really have enjoyed getting the P.X. and its news of the church and Durham people. Hope it will continue coming to the above address. I appreciated the Christmas messages and cards very much."

Feature articles from pages of the P.X. edited by the Mothers:

A PRAYER FOR MY SON

Guard him, O God. No love of mine
Can shelter him from ill.
Encircle with Thy grace divine
And guide him by Thy will.

Send sweetest dreams and quiet rest
   To calm his troubled mind,
That he may lean upon Thy breast
   And peace and comfort find.

Send him Thy strength to evil fight,
   Subdue in him all wrong;
That in the battle for the right,
   His be the victor's song!

Temptations crowd his path by day;
   I would it were not so--
That in the straight and narrow way,
   He might forever go.

My love is powerless and weak;
   I pray Thy voice divine
Will to his heart a message speak
   Of stronger love than mine!

Protect him! Guard him! Every hour;
   I leave him in Thy care;
Thine is the will, and Thine the power;
   Mine -- is just the prayer!
                A Mother

Dr. Regen's message for the PX

JUST A WORD OR TWO THIS TIME--

One of the "Occupational diseases" of preachers is "talking too much for too long." As I look back over former issues of the P.X. I discover that I have been guilty. So this time I'll make it short and to the point.

Since V-J Day your minds and ours have been largely occupied with one thought -- "getting back home". Most of you feel quite naturally that you have "fought your share of the war". And now you want to get out of uniform and back into "civies", out of the "services" and back into a peace-time job, back to your homes and families. At least, such are the feelings of most of the men we talk to here. (There was one man I talked to, though, who was willing to trade "three more years of re-enlistment for a ninety-day furlough now". Needless to say, he found himself almost alone in that opinion!) It goes without saying that we share your wishes too. And we hope that they'll "come true" -- and fast!

For we here at home are anxious to have you back. Not just because we love you and have missed you. But also because we need you. During the war years we've all known what the "man power shortage" means. Business has felt it. So has the Church. While many of our people have been willing to do "double duty" still we have suffered

some from lack of "man power". So I cherish this for the Church: that when you return you will soon be ready and willing to take your place again in the life and work of the Church and give to it all that you have to give. And that is a lot! During these years you have had experiences, gained perspective, and seen life in ways that have increased and enriched your abilities. You have something to give the rest of us that we sorely need. I can think of no place where it could count for more than through the Church. So to you who are members of old First Church (Durham) and to you who are members of other churches in your home-town, I suggest this for your consideration: Let it be known that you are ready and willing to take up where you left off; where the old accustomed ways and methods seem unfitted, say so, and offer your own ideas on the subject; and better still, offer your services in helping to establish improved and more effective methods. Above all, keep in mind that what you have done and seen and experienced are the kinds of things that bring maturity and wisdom, and be ready to invest all that in the most enduring thing in human life - the Christian Faith and the Christian Church. We await your return eagerly. We need and want all you have to give us.

Most sincerely,
Kelsey Regen

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Now as never before Christmas will be a time of memories -- poignant ones of home and of other Christmas days when you and your loved ones were together around your own fireside.

You remember that Christmas was once a wonderful combination of unbearable excitement and exquisite happiness. It was a magical day when you could count on getting your heart's desire all tied up in tissue and ribbon. It was a melee of last minute shopping -- so afraid you have forgotten some one, caroling in the snow-filled darkness of Christmas Eve, a golden brown turkey for dinner, presents under a glittering tree. There's no denying that the picture this year is a little out of order, both at home and abroad. Shopping may be a bit more complicated, but interesting nevertheless. We finished the most important part of our shopping in October when we bought, wrapped and mailed the packages overseas. Turkey may turn out to be chicken, the pudding minus some of its ingredients, the carols too may sound a little thin with the missing bassos and baritones, but we will have to sing a little louder to make up for your absence. Some of the magic is missing -- the magic of your smile, your presence, but that invincible Christmas Spirit, that unshakable faith in a better world to come is there.

And because the birth of Christ with its message of freedom ushered in a new day for all men, they have made of its anniversary a festival of joy. So even in days like these we can still say, A Merry Christmas to every one of you, and as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, every one!" --Clara P. Matthis

EXPERIENCES

Volumes could be written about the extraordinary experiences our men had as they wandered over the face of the earth, some harrowing, some sensational, and some distressing, while others were merely entertaining. Nevertheless, their recounting certainly filled us with breathless suspense and eager interest, ranging as they did from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Maybe you'd be interested to know that I received the "Bronze Star Medal" for Heroic achievement in action against the enemy on February 3, 1945. I am not the hero that one might think under the circumstances; but I am glad for my mother's sake, for she is really proud that I did just a little more than I had to." Bill.

"Since the last time I wrote to you we have traveled far and wide. The 78th was first to cross to the other side of the Roer River, after capturing famous Schwammanuel dam. We than sped on until we hit the Rhine River and the 78th was the first Division to cross the Rhine via Ludendorf Bridge at Remagen. We then made and held a bridgehead on the East Bank, and so on until we were well into Germany." Tom.

"I was in London for two days, it is a city full of history and culture. The night I was there they had a buzz bomb raid. It sure does give you a funny feeling. I went on a tour visiting the bombed areas. It has been awful to think what the people have had to go through. But it is remarkable how they have stood up under it all. The people in America don't realize how lucky we are and can't appreciate what these people have gone through until they see for themselves." Charles.

One of our correspondants sent us such an interesting story of the Japanese close up - and while he said it was not for publication we presume upon his good nature and quote from it, although we will not reveal the author: "And I know you are wondering if we went to a Geisha house.... well, our trip wouldn't have been complete if we hadn't. Now take that shocked look off your face. The Giesha is not what you think. Her business is to entertain. She might be compared to an entertainer like Dinah Shore or Betty Hutton. Arrangements were made so that five of us could visit an approved house. We went through the usual preliminaries of taking off our shoes before entering the room which we had reserved. It was bare of furnishings except a soft straw matting which covered the floor and a small table in center around which we sat. Five giggling girls in brightly colored kimonos came into the room. They offered us tea and then sat down to talk to us. That was rather difficult since none of them understood English and none of us could speak Japanese. One of them had a dictionary which proved a lifesaver for we were speechless without it. The girls weren't very talkative at first but they soon began to enter into the fun. I began to wonder who was entertaining who. One of them

left the room and brought back a most unusual looking instrument, a cross between a guitar and a banjo, having only three strings. She started playing some weird tunes on the thing and the other girls got up to dance. The discordant music of this instrument added to the chanting that the girls did as they danced made quite a strange spectacle for us. We asked for some American Music and were surprised when our artist (?) complied with "John Brown's Body" and Auld Lang Syne" with Japanese words. To a musical ear it was hardly recognizable; to anyone else it was utter confusion. This was the climax to our visit with the Geishas and we bade them goodbye, gladly paying the 20 Yen for the Experience."

"The most beautiful building I saw in all Japan was a small Catholic church. In Sasebo, Kyushu, Japan amidst many acres of ruin and desolation there was one building left. On top of a high hill was a building that was so very typical of the type of architecture we see in the states that we knew it was a church." Jimmy.

"Vienna is quite an interesting city. Although the greater part of the normal, civilian, city life is at a standstill, true to the traditional high standard of culture, the opera, symphony, and ballet are in full operation in as many theaters as are undamaged." John.

"I was on a reconnaisance patrol and was about eight hours late getting back. Arriving at our bivouac site about two hours before dawn, I was so tired I lay down next to what I thought were the other officers in my company and pulled half a blanket off the nearest one. The next morning I was awakened by voices, so I raised up trying to be as cheerful as I could under the circumstances, and came very near scaring the life out of a burying squad. It seems that I had stretched out in the middle of eight dead Germans, who had been fished out of the marshes the day before, after floating around for a week. Then to prove how indifferent I was, I pulled out my "K" ration and began to eat breakfast, but I wasn't nearly as hungry as I thought. How I managed to sleep I'll never know, the stench was awful. I told the other officers, who had given me up and moved on, that they hadn't had a bath in so long I couldn't tell the difference. They encountered with the remark that I didn't exactly smell like an "Evening in Paris" myself, which was probably the reason I hadn't noticed the rare fragrance." George.

"Highlight of our visit to the Vatican was an audience with the Pope. He has several audiences each day with troops in the Great Throne Room. He was carried up the isle in a Chair (Sedan Chair Style) blessing all as he came. He looks just like his pictures and he wore white vestments and a little white cap. He spoke for about 5 minutes in good English and then "he took on the mob" shaking hands, blessing articles and the faithful, etc. He was carried out the same way and it was on the return trip that I held up my hand and he touched it ("...that I might touch the hem of his garment....")). All troops are given a very attractive medal to wear with his Image in relief on one side and Mary, Joe., and the Christ Child on the other side. It is solid stuff too, silver I

believe and of course I am wearing mine." Dick.

"Oh yes I guess that you would like to know what I have been doing. Well I can't tell you where I am at this time or where I have been, but I can tell you that I have seen some very interesting things while I have been here in Germany. Just the other day I happened to be in a small town which was said to have been started in 1235 and the buildings which we slept in looked to be as old as that, but still there were a few interesting places. We will have to get all the old gang together after this when we are back at home again, and just have a reunion and tell of everything that happened." Charlie.

"I spent last week in Paris on a pass and had a wonderful time seeing Notre Dame, Louvre, Napoleon's tomb and the Latin Quarters, etc. What a diversion from what I've been through the last three months!! I literally immerged myself in luxury, good food and soap and water. I came back to the front, tired but happy with the world. Since then I am sitting tight, holding my breath and praying for peace to come, so that once more I may be able to converse with and enjoy the company of my many friends back home." Jack.

"I am now stationed in England and like it very much. The country is very pretty looks quite different from what I had expected. I find the people very friendly and willing to help in any way that they can, But don't find the girls quite as pretty as the ones back home.
We are stationed on a large estate, the castle and grounds are beautiful. The Church that we are using is of the Church of England. It is over 900 years old. Has the oldest pipe organ that I ever played but sure does have a sweet mellow tone. Close to the Church is a Roman well 2000 years old, in fact everything around here has a very interesting history connected with it." Richard.

"I am living and operating in a very beautiful hotel. From the local citizenry I have learned that it was a swanky, international stopping place of the globe trotting pleasure seekers, before the war put limitations to such goings on. It is noted for its mineral baths. The whole first floor is given over to rooms with one or two tubs in them. My three boys and I occupy two of them. We built frames over the two tubs and use them for tables. We have a rug on the floor, two easy chairs, desk and a couch. We have left one tub uncovered for taking baths. We have hot water. We have also fixed the room for our photographic dark room. My team and I have become pretty fair at developing and making pictures." Bob

"I submit as my most novel experience the following: I met a former New York City Fireman who was Fire Marshal in a military Installation in Japan. One night I accompanied him to a fire. We had to leave the fire truck two miles from the fire, the road was too narrow. Japanese houses are very fragile and burn easily. Upon our return to the truck we learned that the bright red truck had attracted a larger crowd than the fire." Joseph

"We live in a lovely old Chateau built in 1852. The house is tremendous in size, flawless in construction, magnificant in design.

We have a huge fireplace in our room, and even though we spend half of our time trying to find enough wood to keep the fire going, we enjoy our fireplace more than anything else and we wouldn't trade it for much less than a return ticket to the states." Harold.

"Our new location is very beautiful. It is on a hill looking out over flat land, then the ocean. We can see the ships at sea and the planes on the flats. It is very easy to have your memory wander and at sometime or other it turns towards those happy hours at the Church house to you and others at the house. Mostly of you." John.

"Have you ever seen Austria in the springtime? Have you ever seen anything so nice and green and pretty?

Yesterday I spent the afternoon in Austria at the swimming pool in Branan where swimmers train and practice for the Olympics. The pool is large and well-kept; the water is torquoise and cold; the weather is very warm and sunny. The pool is surrounded by the extra nice bath houses and terraces dotted with tables and chairs and colorful umbrellas. I can imagine watching an aquacade from one of those nice cool chairs sipping a coke.

Branan is on the other side of the Inn River. The main bridge between Branan and Simback was blown out quite sometime ago and our engineers haven't yet replaced it with a permanant one. Consequently, we have to go down the river for some distance and cross the dam - an out of the way route, nineteen miles in length.

On both sides of the river apple trees ancient with growth have formed a green ceiling over the road dotted with the pink and white apple blossoms. The fragrance as we rode along, was almost sickeningly sweet, as if we had fallen suddenly into a tub of cologne. There are fields of wheat, all the land is cultivated making it greener than waste land alive with discolored weeds.

The hills on the horizon are covered with fir trees almost black with such intense green boughs. Now I know why the Black Forest is called black.

When the sun sets beyond the black hills the green wheat and clover fields take on a tinge of orange, the apple trees smell sweeter, the many lakes reflect crimson while the muddy Inn rages on to the Baltic sea--then I say, "Austria certainly is pretty." Harold.

"Last week I went through Hiroshima where the first Atomic bomb was dropped. It was once quite a large city, but now it is a scene of awful destruction. We left Kure, Japan Monday and arrived here in Nagoya today having been delayed en route by bad weather and rough water." Jimmy.

How two of our men - Jack and Philip in the Pacific, spent VJ day:

"Was just reading my July PX and I wondered where I would spend VJ day. Well I never thought I would be where I am. It is now 0032 hours on the 15th of August. I am sitting by the radio waiting for the word of the Japs surrender. - Why? - Well I will tell you. I am now Editor of our Battalion paper and we have an extra already to run, should take us about 30 minutes to have an extra on the street. We feel we are really "Big Operators" with our paper. There are several other papers here and we hope to beat them on the street, of course we can't promise anything. I will send you one of the extras." Jack.

"I don't believe I could have picked a better time to write than today. It was announced to us this morning by radio at 9099 that the Japanese had accepted our peace terms. The effect of the announcement on the crew was wonderful. Everyone was very quiet while it was being made and then all of a sudden everyone broke into a big cheer. I have never seen a group of such happy men. We all had one thought in mind and that is the quickest way to get home. I know that everyone at home must be just as happy as we are." Philip.

Tom O'Brien sent a greeting from Holland where he spent a furlough "The Scenery is lovely and the people even lovelier."

While in Japan Jimmy Coppridge saw many evidences of the Christian belief and felt we had quite a foothold in our missionary work. He met two German Missionaries who had been in Japan for 20 years and although now robbed of most of their followers, they did have twenty faithful ones remaining. A Japanese Christian Girl played the organ for the chapel services at camp.

Harold Chase decided to go fishing and found another soldier similarly occupied at the fishing site, from whom he borrowed some tackle - only to learn later that he was the Commanding Officer. Sometime after that they met again, under different circumstances. When the Officer wanted to know if they had met before, Harold replied "Yes, - while fishing." When the officer wanted to know if he had been "goldbricking"? Harold answered "Yes, I was, were you?" the Officer laughed, thus convincing Harold he was no Brass Hat.

Lanier Pratt said: "The scaredest I ever got was after the war was all over and I went to take command of a D E of my own. Before the war I didn't know "beans from bull's foot" about ships and during the war had almost no practice in ship handling, on top of that, after the war, demobilization had set in like rigor mortis, and it was all any ship could do, usually to keep up enough steam to cook with, let alone maneuver. In the Pacific there are no such things as Pilots, you're completely on your own - I had some pretty narrow escapes. Twice my "black gang", the engine room force let me down and left the ship in the center of a crowded water way without any power what-so-ever. Once when I had on board one hundred fifty women and children, the first service dependents to reach the Pacific, which I was transporting from Guam to Saipan and Tinian. Again, back

in Charleston, finally my engineering Officer practically broke under the strain and handed in his letter of resignation, as if he could do such a thing in the Navy.

After we had literally fought our way back from the Pacific running through the "eye" of a typhoon in transit, imagine the ignominy of being sent to New York and stand by to furnish electric power to the Holland Tunnel in case John L. Lewis called his coal strike. Of course, we went, but it was a bitter blow. All this just proves the trite old saying that you can do what you have to do--though it takes the presence of the Lord in there pushing with you most of the time."

Elwood Chase had many experiences but the most remarkable was that time he took AWOL for fifteen days to see his mother who was in the hospital. And mirabile-dictu he returned to camp without the aid of an M.P., and his punishment was only a week in bed on liquid diet. - Why? - ask Elwood or may be he doesn't know either - the army had strange ways.

The following is an abridgement of a true story in which a group of American Soldiers played Santa Claus to some children in a French Orphanage. Their early plan was to provide for each child the gift he wanted above all others. This however was impossible of fulfillment as some asked for parents and homes, and one strange looking lad asked for "nothing" - finally after much coaxing he compromised on a French Protestant Bible. This proved equally impossible and again he was urged to change his mind, but to no avail. A French Protestant Bible or nothing!

Later Al (who sent the story), went to England on a furlough and fortunately secured such a Bible from the International Bible House.

On the 23rd the amateur Santa Clauses distributed the gifts, saving the soft brown colored box for the last. Then they saw with much satisfaction the boy's face light up as he opened it, and saw his eyes fill with wonder at its contents until, over-come with emotion he sobbed with all his heart, throwing his arms around Al, who continues to marvel that a Bible could mean so much to a small boy.

Strange also, but true, is the story told by a correspondent from somewhere in the Pacific of the C tholic Chaplains visiting a Protestant Missionary on one of the islands and carrying armsful of Protestant Bibles which they had heard he needed. When they arrived however they found that shoes were more desperately needed. So they immediately returned to the ship and confiscated all the small sizes on board.

Matthew Coleman's ship was attacked by a suicide plane. Matthew and a shipmate were below deck at the time of the explosion

and were instrumental in saving the lives of three men. After the attack they were attracted by the wild yells of men in a compartment below theirs. Releasing the doors on the hatch cover and using all the strength they had, along with the assistance of those below, they managed to get the spring hatch to open and pulled the three men out of the water just as the water reached the men's shoulders.

George Matthis, who went into France on Invasion Day said, "The Germans certainly took all the pretty girls with them when they left. I haven't seen anything between 6 and 60... But they left plenty of booby traps which are a great inducement to keep your mind off the pretty girls, and that's about the only thing that would do it in my case."

There is something pecularily American about this Story of Romeo Germino - While in Italy he went to visit Casalbuono, his father's birthplace. There he found many relatives, was royally greeted, and even had the privilege of sleeping in the same room in which his father had been born 64 years ago.

Ralph says: "I am an executive officer aboard a subchaser, the smallest craft in the Navy called a "ship". The duty has been enjoyable as I have been able to cover this vast Pacific pretty well considering I only have 110 feet of wood on which to do it. Sydney, Australia is the only place I've been since sailing under the Golden Gate exactly one year ago, which could compare with the states. I spent 10 days there which proved very enjoyable. Guam is about the best port I've hit in the past few months."

"We, as a unit, have come a long way since arriving at Marseilles, France, Nov. 6, 1944. Our first assignment was at Sarrebourg, France, where we cared for more than 14,000 patients from Nov. 30, '44 thru March 20, '45. Following March 20, and for the next 6 weeks, we operated the hospital in tents at various places in Southern Germany. On May 1, we received orders to move to the Concentration Camp at Dachou, Germany, and operate the whole of May, and what we saw would surpass the wildest dreams of civilized man's imaginations. On the first of June we moved to our present location which is in the health resort town of Bad Mergentheim, Germany. It is very, very beautiful here (as is all I have seen of Southern Germany), and the town itself is located in a Valley with beautiful, green flowing hills on all sides." Bill.

"Lovely trip on a furlough to London. I saw much of the country while there. I also spent a day in Paris going and coming. It took me a month to make the trip. I certainly enjoyed it - Last week end I made a 700 mile Jeep trip back thru Germany into Belgium, taking pictures of all the places we had been." Charles.

"Since we've been in the Pacific my Division (77th) has had a leading part in all the operations. We have been in: Philippines,

Guam, Kerama Rhetto, IE Shime and finally Okinawa. Being proud of my Division's record I can truthfully say none of the operations were easy. The few of us who made all of the Campaigns know we are among the luckiest people alive, I'm sure we are the happiest people over the end of the war. Now men can think again and relegate animal instinct and raw fear to where they belong.

Under the point plan of the Army I am eligible to be sent home for discharge. I have 88 points. We have no indiction as to when this plan will effect us, but you can be sure that all of us are really anticipating home as we never did before. With luck I hope to be with you people for Christmas. I haven't had a Christmas at home in four years now and I plan to roll them all into one and quietly enjoy them to the fullest.

You people have done a wonderful work and we're all proud of you. Soon we'll be home to thank you personally. Until we do accept our thanks." Fred.

Christmas in the Four Corners of the Earth
(From the PX)

CHRISTMAS ABROAD

Capt. Dan Shackelford hits the nail right on the head when he writes: "Christmas day I was enjoying a swim in the warm waters of the Caribbean and felt like a vacation in Florida. I would rather have been in Florida, though. There is one thing that U.S. soldiers all over the world have in common and that is our appreciation for the good old U.S.A."

Then from England Sgt. Bruce Bradley tells us: "Last Sunday morning (Christmas Eve) a bunch of us went to the local Presbyterian Church of England. The minister reminded me of Joe E. Brown, the movie star. But he was very nice and we had a delightful time. One of the families invited us up to Sunday night tea and after that we got another invitation to Christmas Day dinner."

Victor Bryant, III, spent his Christmas on Wahoo and wrote that lack of a spruce tree didn't mar their Christmas celebration. They chose the next best thing -- and decorated a palm tree for the occasion.

Lt. William S. Credle (Margaret Franck's husband) wasn't quite so lucky. The Christmas trees imported for the yuletide season in the Aleutians didn't arrive until the day after Christmas. They made shift with a beautifully appointed Christmas table. Nobody seemed to mind that the center-piece was a bucket rather than a punch bowl.

From another corner of the earth T/3 Charles W. Yates writes: "Am living in a German Inn -- Minus the Germans. We have lights, heat, radio and a Christmas tree!"

Though he spent Christmas in the States, Lt. Gus McIver was unable to get ashore. He and the men of his ship were very favorably impressed by the Christmas activities of the Red Cross. Each man who was aboard ship on Christmas Day received a stocking and a package from this organization.

From Burma we got a pre-Christmas letter from Warren B. Kegerise. He said: "We are getting ready for our Christmas, so we have decorated our day room. All the wards in the hospital have cheerful red and green paper streamers and bells with wreaths to set it off. Last night at the movies they had a special short feature. It was a musical of Christmas carols sung by the Westminster Choir and was very pretty. They also showed a number of the big games of the year. One of the games was the North Carolina Pre-Flight vs. Duke."

Sgt. Henry Keir (Louise Murray's husband) had a nice Christmas present -- he was promoted to staff sergeant. From Assam, India, he sent a copy of his Christmas Day dinner menu home and it consisted of everything from "soup to nuts". He said it was served in grand style, too!

Matthew Coleman spent his second Christmas away from home on the island of Oahu "Dreaming of a white Christmas in the midst of a country beautifully green".

"On the day before Christmas we had a party for a group of French kiddies up the road. One of our Officers played Santa Claus and passed out small gifts to them. These came from contributions by all the boys in the company. The village school teacher told us that it was the first time in four years that these children had really laughed." Al.

From Corsica Lt. Joseph A. Robb tells us that his officer's club was so beautifully decorated that it was almost like a club at home.

From somewhere in Belgium Richard Bennett writes: "today (Christmas Day) we held a Xmas service with the infantry fighting on one side, tanks on the other, also the air above our heads filled with both friendly and enemy planes. I have a small folding organ. I opened it and we played and sang Christmas songs. The Chaplain gave a wonderful talk on 'Peace'."

Elizabeth Weaver, who stayed here at the Church House last winter has written from Bradley Beach, New Jersey, that she and Lee (Lt. Weaver) went to a lovely Christmas dance at the Officers' Club on Saturday before Christmas. On Christmas Eve they went to Church

in the morning and evening and then to a midnight supper at the home of another officer.

George Whitfield spent Christmas with a delightful family in Syracuse who helped make the day he dreaded a very pleasant one.

When George Warren heard Bing Crosby's recording of "White Christmas" over in the Pacific it was almost too much for him.

Lela Hooker's Hospital Unit is now in a fort, a former prison, in Belgium. Christmas and New Year's parties were successful despite heavy fighting nearby. Christmas boxes were welcomed and enjoyed to the utmost. The work is heavy and living conditions crude. Everybody is happy and cheerful. Several members of her unit were recently awarded medals and citations for bravery and courage during recent bombing and fire in the hospital. Lela says that she has received her cake from the Big Brothers Bible Class.

Only the realization that there is a limit to ones endurance, and that everything must eventually be brought to an end brings this chapter on the interesting experiences of our men to a close.

Many letters were received telling of meetings, accidental and otherwise, in unique places and under strange conditions, between men who had met in our Church House or through our written introductions. Some had discovered each other through the PX, so we felt almost as if destiny had decreed they should meet. Everything seemed to have had its uses in the scheme to bring them together. Again only a few examples can be given:

"About a month ago I was talking to a boy who lives in Durham. He said that he knew you very well and that his mother still lived in Durham. His name is Carl Andrews. We had a very nice talk together. I had one of the PX's in my pocket and he knew some of the boys who were mentioned in it. I haven't seen him for some time now..." Jimmy Nolan.

"Have a very fine Chaplain on board our ship. He is Chaplain Joseph Sherrard Rice, from Richmond, Virginia, and knows Dr. Marion who used to be at our church. He also went to Davidson. Philip Hutchings

"I am writing to tell you of two very fine boys who may get to see you before long. They left here today for the hospital at Butner. I gave them both your name and address. I think they will look you up." Al Thomas

"I found out that two more schoolmates of mine were stationed in the Durham area. One is a midshipman at Duke named Bill Watson. Perhaps he will be fortunate enough to drop in at the Church House sometime before he goes, if he has not already done so. Harold VanDosen

"I have also enjoyed the PX very much. It has kept me posted on a lot of my friends, some that I never knew were in the service. A good many of the boys from home seem to be out here and through the PX I have met several."

"Our Chaplain surely helped us over some tough spots. Never too busy to stop for a few minutes and talk things over. He has been especially helpful to me. Kinda like a breath from home as he received his education from Duke and knows the old Home Town. He is a young fellow and well liked by all the men. Last name is Dennis and he is as Irish as his name." Elwood Chase.

"The former Chaplain of this unit is now assigned to Butner (Chaplain Mosser). I met him just before he returned to the U.S., as he passed through my former unit. He is Presbyterian - have you met him?" Dick Hetz.

Walter Shackleford wrote that he was in a group with Stuart Alexander's ship. He was assigned duty as communications officer, and had plenty of excitement. He wanted to know where Dr. Ross was. He was given that information to the best of our ability.

Charles Mason and Ralph Strayhorn saw a lot of each other while in the Pacific area.

This is really a small world after all. Cpl. Dick Hetz of Los Angeles, stationed in Italy, introduced us to a member of his company who was transferred to Camp Butner.

Sgt. Romeo Germino and Lt. Gene Germino met in France following a separation of nearly three years.

"If sometime a young fellow should happen to come to see you by the name of Bill Gamble take good care of him. Al Bumgarten.

Lanier Pratt in describing the sinking of the F.C. DAVIS said: "The Davis was torpedoed and sunk about 8:00 one May morning. Later we picked up Philip Lundeberg, son of Dr. O.K. Lundeberg of the Romance Language Dept. at Duke. I had known him before the war. Imagine my surprise at finding him in the cold waters of the North Atlantic! And his joy! He was one of four survivors."

Pfc. Harold Van Dusen of the 10th Mt. Division while at the Fifth Army Rest Camp in Italy had the thrilling experience of meeting Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce. She ate breakfast with him and five other enlisted men from his Company. They found her very sociable and charming.

Lela Hooker while on ward duty in a hospital in England had the novel experience of nursing Virginia Sharp Martin's brother, who had been reported missing. It was through Lela that his family received the good news.

There are other instances too numerous to mention, where information carried through the pages of the PX enabled friends to meet. An example, two men from the 78th Division, who had met Lela Hooker when she directed our recreation, saw in the PX that she was stationed with the Red Cross in Belgium, and immediately wrote for her address. We were constantly receiving such requests for addresses. One young man who spent Sunday afternoon with us desired information concerning "A girl in Blue" whom he met while here, and then described her so minutely there was no uncertainty as to her identity. We rendered such assistance whenever possible.

UNIQUE SERVICES

A section of this story might well be entitled "Unique Services", for, in addition to all that has been recounted there were many instances of "intangibles", those little services which make the world happier and brighter, yet are so difficult to analyze. For instance, there were nimble fingers offered for that "stitch in time", or pressing job on our "lend-lease" ironing board. On one occasion a young man eager to pass the test which would admit him to Officers Candidate School spent the night here in order to be fresh and rested and while he slept his clothes were pressed and everything made ready for the eventful hour, even to a letter of recommendation. Needless to say he passed.

We assisted with weddings, here and at Butner.

In response to the following letter Mrs. J.T. Still made cookies, which the young man in question duly received.

"I have a son at Camp Butner, N.C., Pvt. Richard L. Lowmaster, 16166378 Reg. Co. H. He is wanting cookies, cake, homemade, and I was wondering if the ladies of the church had bake sales, or if any of your Parrish made cookies for the boys. Time we send them from here they are not in very good condition."

"I appreciate your letting me know the 3rd Infantry was on the way. I have been on the lookout and was so glad to have three of them come up and speak to me Sunday evening. The couple you told me about, Bill and Ruth, have not come in yet. I believe I can help her find a room. Columbus is not quite as crowded as so many have moved.

Most sincerely,
Eleanor Belk."

"I received your letter of Jan. 10th introducing Mrs. Robert Fletcher and since her address was not given I expected to hear from her. No word has come from her. Should you have her local address and give it to me I will be most happy to call on her."

"Could you do a favor for me? One of our officers asked me to find out all the moving van companies and transfer companies in Durham. You could get them out of the classified section of the phone book. The reason he wants to know is that he had an accident with his car and a moving company in Durham. If you could do that for me I would appreciate it, and so would he."

George Radcliff and his wife Alice left here for Chattanooga with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Victor Brown, mother of Mrs. C.S. Sydnor. In a letter he said: "We visited Mrs. Brown and think she is really fine. I like the Second Church and found that the

minister who married us, Dr. Noble, was the assistant pastor here some time ago. An announcement was made in church that we were looking for an apartment and we hope we hear something from them. Once we are settled we can spend more time in getting acquainted with the members."

Birthday cakes were provided for the V-12 boys when we knew in advance; a supply of greeting cards for every sort of occasion helped in many emergencies. Our medicine cabinet contained both first aid remedies and an assortment of toilet articles. The magazone rack held articles of timely interest for the Service men.

We "screened" guests for choosy hostesses, who, though desiring to entertain men, were still a little fearful of the unsponsored soldier, and feeling that the right kind came to us often asked that we make the selection for them.

This roll of "intangibles" could continue indefinitely, for these are the services impossible to catalogue. Yet they made the difference in our program and that offered by other organizations. And it is to the tireless, unselfish devotion of the women (young and old) of the Church we give grateful thanks, for a dozen paid workers could never have accomplished as much; and also to our Church men, for they backed our program enthusiastically and wholeheartedly, often with their presence, but more often with their gifts.

A paragraph from PX summarizes our work:

> "A new definition of a soldier as recently seen on a church bulletin board: 'A soldier is one of our boys away from home.' That is the way the churches feel about it and they are trying to create an atmosphere of home in the camp communities. Since the beginning of Camp Butner, literally hundreds of soldiers and their families have worshipped in Church and attended the Church House activities. The guest room has been in constant use. There are drinks in the ice box and a filled cookie jar is a poignant reminder of home. Typical of the services we render, are the lovely weddings held in the Cloister Chapel with flowers and all the trimmings. Soldiers who come here feel that they really belong somewhere and scores of them keep in contact with us through correspondence long after they have been transferred elsewhere. We frequently give you excerpts from some of these letters for they please us tremendously, and are a proof of the hospitality we are offering."

OUR OWN SERVICE MEN

While much has been written about our Church House entertainment it was really only one phase of our defense program. We were merely doing for the stranger in our midst what we hoped was being done for our men, wherever they might be. But wherever they might be, we tried to do what we could for our own men in service.

Through correspondence and other rememberances we hoped to assure them of our interest and affection.

As reiterated, the PX was mailed to every man from our church in an effort to keep him informed of the news of his church and of his friends who were serving on the world's battle fronts.

From time to time copies of the devotional "Day by Day" were mailed. New Testaments were given to all the men upon entering the Service.

At Christmas, cards were sent from the Church portraying at different times: The Church; The congregation leaving the Church; Signature of the Church members, and copies of "The Syrian Guest," with a greeting of Dr. Regen. Easter cards and valentines were sent by the Young People of the Church.

The Big Brothers Bible Class were the donors of assorted packages one Christmas, and a fruit cake to each man on two other similar occasions.

Many letters of appreciation were received from which we quote:

"Since I have been aboard this ship, I have received Christmas cards, Easter cards, a number of copies of the Presbyterian Exchange from you. I have had a letter and several bulletins from Rev. Regen and from time to time my parents send me the church Bulletin or other items of interest. I am particularly grateful for the Presbyterian Exchange because I realize that someone has to spend a lot of time and effort to produce it." Joseph Wilkerson.

"Spent Christmas Day at sea. Really did enjoy the very nice Fruit Cake sent by Big Brothers Bible Class. It made it much more like Christmas." Joseph Wilkerson.

"I have often planned to write and thank you for the pleasant thoughts you have sent on each holliday, but as you must know, this was often makes it difficult to follow through on plans. Anyway, I do want you to know how I appreciate the cards you have sent." Stewart Alexander.

"I received my Fruit Cake and I want to let you know that I appreciated it very much." Grover Glymph.

"My thanks to all of you at the church for the swell Christmas cards on which so many familiar names were signed; I appreciated the cards very much and my compliments to Mr. Regen for the extremely nice Greeting composed by him. Also, I received the P.X. bulletin which I like and thoroughly enjoy. I have been intending to write back and express my appreciation for such a bulletin. It gave me an idea of where some of my friends are located." Bob Eliott.

"I received your Easter card and certainly did appreciate it. You don't know what it means to us boys to know that we haven't been forgotten. I have been attending Church here at Camp regularly, and it has meant a lot to me. I often think of the First Presbyterian Church at home and of all the friends I made there." Jimmy Coppridge.

"Thank you so much for the Christmas greeting you sent me. You have remembered me, whether I was far or near, all during the emergency, and with the war over it's still good to feel in touch with you there at the Church. I'd like to go back for the past three years and say thanks to you again and all those in the Church who wrote and helped send out the "P.X.", thanks to you for the letters you wrote, and to the Young People Group for their interest too." Tom Jones.

Dr. Regen's messages through the medium of the PX urged the men to visit the Church on their return, assuring them of a warm and hearty welcome.

Through the PX we also tried to express our ardent admiration for their courage and bravery as well as our desire to honor them for the sacrifices they were making; promising in the meantime to do our utmost to have their homecoming all they had been anticipating. In fact, we promised them almost everything but clothes. We could not offer these because we had to tell them that Uncle Sam in "outfitting the best dressed Army in the world" had taken the entire output of the country's mills, and our shops were nearly devoid of men's suits. But while they would not have to resort exactly to fig leaves nor go into the woods with a rifle to bag a new wardrobe they would have to wear skimpy, ill-fitting suits of bizarre patterns and peculiar shades - Even though veterans had been neatness personified in their uniforms, "Civies" were another story these days. As one ex-G.I. aptly expressed the problem - "I'm dreaming of a White Shirt Christmas." Another Contributed: "V.E. Day has come - V-J day has come, now I'm waiting for V'me day."

The names on our Service Men's Roster came to be well known, as they were called day after day in Prayer, and written on countless pieces of mail - indeed they ceased to be names but rather living vital personalities dear to our hearts, and while we awaited their return with eagerness there was also a scintilla of uncertainty as

to how we should receive them, and considerable anxiety lest we fail to measure up to their expectations.

Our hopes and fears, as we waited for them to come home, were aptly expressed by Betty Smith, author of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," who said: "When you come back have patience with us here at home. There is so much that we don't know: there is so much that you have learned. Be a little gentle about getting us back into line and remember that we're a little afraid that we won't quite measure up to your new standard---. Remember, too, that you are the new world that's coming."

After attending numerous lectures on how to receive the returning Service Man, and becoming more and more perturbed, the following words of wisdom coming from Dr. Robert Ross inspired us with renewed confidence:

"Now-- we detect a note of apprehension in your writing. You seem a little concerned as to what the soldiers and sailors will think of your stewardship, of possible changes and of the future. Surely there will be some changes, generally for the better. People don't undergo hardships and risks without an imprint. Primarily and urgently they want to come home. They have seen the beatitudes and things generally considered trite become main objectives in battle. They know and value the necessity of an understanding heart. It is not necessary to read books and make plans. These men are vocally and emotionally articulate. They know that there is a 'world going on' --- surely you have justified yourself in every particular and deserve a hearty 'well done!'"

"You can't plan exactly for the returning men, you can't anticipate other than a need and a test. The men will be articulate - an understanding mind and heart can correctly interpret the needs. If one has these qualities there is no need for preparation;if they are lacking there is no possibility of preparation. It is that simple and that complicated."

Of course, there were men on our Roster whom we did not know personally, and from whom we seldom heard. However, we treated these all like the others, requiring only the slightest encouragement to keep up a steady correspondence, hoping the friendships begun in this manner would deepen upon their return. But, Alas, their interest soon cooled, and we realized that our efforts were unsuccessful. So, many continue to remain little more than names today, much to our regret.

When the men began returning, one by one, or a few at the time, small groups including their families, were invited to the Church House for a social hour and their presence in the church was always recognized whether they were home on furlough or permanently, and a warm welcome extended by Dr. Regen.

On Communion Sunday when it seemed a majority had returned a Recognition Service was held, at which time Dr. Regen and Mr. C.S. Hicks, with gracious cordiality, spoke for the church and the congregation expressing their high regard for the men and appreciation for the heroic service they had rendered.

Col. David Hardee responded on behalf of the men and in a very fitting manner told of the joy in being home again.

Finally, when practically all the men had been discharged, the Big Brothers' Class united with the Woman's Auxiliary in honoring them at a Banquet. Mr. James Patton acted as toastmaster, Dr. Regen extended a hearty welcome to which Dr. R.A. Ross responded. Mr. Lee Goodwin brought greetings from the Class. Mrs. A.T. West from the Auxiliary, Mrs. J.L. Morehead told briefly of the Church's Defense Program. Mr. A.T. West gave several delightfully homorous readings and a double Quartette from Duke University's Glee Club, under the direction of J. Foster Barnes sang a number of charming and entertaining songs.

CLIMAX

And now we come to the high point of our story -- the recounting of the services, the activities, the deeds of valor and heroism of our own men. Everything heretofore has led up inevitably to this end, and certainly anything which followed would be an anti-climax.

That we might have an accurate war record of our men, for the benefit of posterity, each was asked for information regarding his service career. But we received all too short and simple annals in return. Modesty, unduly constrained some of them to a few facts, others wouldn't give any, so what was a poor author to do?

That this Record of Honor might be more than a bare "Who's Who" some data has been culled from letters and newspaper clippings. While of course we could have written in outstanding characteristics and personalities or "hear-say" thrilling adventures after each name, this record, as we have said, is a true record, and while we would like to give some of the high lights of each soldier's career, they seemed to prefer that we do not. Of course we whole-heartedly agree with General Eisenhower, who said: "To tell the whole story of the soldiers, sailors and airmen who fought together until victory was won would take years." Nevertheless we were eager to try - our spirits were willing, our aspirations were high, but we got little encouragement.

If there are any minor discrepancies in this narrative they must be attributed to the fact that the author, is an incurable hero worshipper, bent upon honoring brave men, yet could not possibly remember every incident of those close packed years and her hand, however willing could not write every word that was said during those "unforgettable yesterdays."

Records Journal

RECORDS OF HONOR

MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH

Claude Adams was in the Army Service Forces, Infantry, and Army Air Corps. He was stationed at Camps Grant, Ill.; and Lee, Va.; Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C.; Camp Ellis, Ill.; New York, N.Y.; Camp Barkeley, Texas; Maxey, Texas; Blanding, Fla.; Shepherd Field, Texas; Lemoore Field, California; Hamilton Field, California; Merced Field, California; Bowling Field, Washington, D.C., and Fort Bragg, N.C. He served 33½ months, and received the Good Conduct Medal, and the Victory Medal. He enlisted June 19, 1943 and was discharged March 3, 1946. Claude adds: "I was at the various camps because there were so many."

William U. Albright was inducted into the Army on April 8th in 1943, served in the Adjutant General's Department, as a part of the Postal Service of the Army. He was in the 580th Army Postal Unit, attached to the Ninth Air Force in England, France, Belgium, Holland, and at the end of the war, was in Germany. Bill's unit received four battle stars. He says he was never in danger during the hostilities, only the trips over and back by boat were the most hazardous. He was discharged from the service at Fort Bragg on the 19th of December, 1945, just in time to see little Bill get his second visit from Saint Nicholas.

Stewart P. Alexander, Jr., entered U.S. Naval Academy on July 5, 1940, as Midshipman, and graduated from Annapolis with commission of Ensign, USN on June 9, 1943. He was married in Du ham on June 11, 1943, and reported for duty on June 13, 1943, at U.S. Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla. for a ten weeks flight observation course in all types of nval planes. He reported for duty aboard the destroyer USS Stack (DD406) in September 1943 at Tulagi (in Pacific). Stewart held duties of Engineer Officer and Executive Officer aboard the Stack while participating in most of the major engagements in the Pacific. He steamed 150,000 sea miles aboard this ship and left it at Pearl Harbor in May 1946 to fly home for the first time. In June 1946, he reported to Commander Destroyer Squadron Two aboard the USS Putman (DD757) for duty as material and operations officer. He based at several ports on the East coast and made a trip around Newfoundland in November 1946, and resigned from the Navy on January 19, 1947, with the rank of Lieutenant, U.S. Navy. He is now attached to the USN Organized Reserve in Durham. Following ribbons held: Victory Medal, American Defense, American Theatre, Asiatic Pacific (9 stars), Philippine Campaign (2 stars).

William C. Alexander III, began his service career in the inactive N.R.O.T.C. at Duke University in October 1942. He was put on active duty as an Apprentice Seaman July 1, 1943, in the N.R.O.T.C. (still at Duke).

On February 20, 1945, he was commissioned an Ensign U.S.N.R. and assigned to the USS-LST-466, at the time preparing in the Holymahera Islands at Moratai for the Borneo invasions. This ship was one of the first LST in the Pacific, and, being in command of all the LST;s in the Pacific, participating in 19 "D Days", the last two being at Tarakan and Balikapapan in Borneo, which Bill was in also. They brought the ship back to Charleston and decommissioned it on March 1, 1946. From Charleston Bill was sent to Green Cove Springs, Florida to the LST-510 to help decommission that ship, where he remained a month and then was sent to the LST-526 to do a similar job. On June 13, 1946, he received his discharge at Camp Shelton, Virginia. Enlisted Ribbons: Asiatic-Pacific, Phillipines Liberation, American Theatre, and a Victory Ribbon.

George Arms was in the 6th Armored Division, stationed at Fort Jackson, from January 19, 1941, to March 27, 1942; Camp Blanding from March 27, 1942 to October 1942; Camp Chaffee for three weeks; Camp Cooke from November 15, 1942, to February 1944. He was in England until July 1944. First action was at Saint Lo in the break thru from Normandie to Brittany Penninsula and saw action in France, Luxembourgh, Belgium and Germany. His Division was the only one in U.S. Army to crack the Siegfried line twice. He received five Campaigne stars and Bronze star for meritorious service.

William C. Archie served about four years in the Army Service Forces of the Army of the United States. He was stationed for a year at Fort Brown, Texas, as Intelligence Officer, etc. He spent 14 months as Public Relations Officer at Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas. Six months with Hq. of Office of Military Government for Germany in Berlin. Six months with Intelligence Unit of War Department General Staff, Washington. He attended one Service School, Advanced Counter-Intelligence School in Chicago. He was a major when discharged in July, 1946, and presently holds a commission in the Reserve Corps.

Virgil J. Ashbaugh, Jr., was a student in the N.R.O.T.C., at Carolina from September 1942 - February 1946; from February, 1945 - May 1945, he served as Ensign U.S.N.R. on U.S.S. Celeno (AK76) in South Pacific. From May, 1945 - June, 1946, he was on duty on U.S.S. LaPrade (DE409) - Okinawa, then to Japan and San Diego, California.

Howard Basile - 78th A.A.T. Bn. Service and Replacement Center, stationed at Seflridge Field, Michigan. He received his discharge latter part of 1944.

William H. Bennett was a sergeant in the Headquarters Squadron of the Fifth Air Force. At various times, he was stationed with that command in Australia, New Guinea, Dutch East Indies, Phillippines, Okinawa, and Japan. He was in the service 37 months, 28 of which were spent overseas in the areas mentioned. Bill modestly says: "I received only the usual awards such as unit citations,

Five combat stars, Phillippine Liberation Medal, and the ever-present Good Conduct Medal. I was never wounded or imprisoned. I was hospitalized for two months with a tropic ailment, but that certainly is not glamorous enough for mention." "The only interesting point I can mention is that I was very happy to become a civilian again."

D.L. Boone, Jr., says: "My army career was very lacking in color other than blue caused by having to be absent from my loved ones - however, this is it: Inducted into the Army January 30, 1944, at Fort Bragg--basic training at Camp Barkley in the medical department. Landed in England in August of '44 and France in the latter part of that month--was listed as a casual replacement--very bad. Immediately after arriving at Omaha Beach I began to take steps to get myself a clerical job for which I had trained during basic. Succeeded in this in September and was assigned to the Adjutant General's department at the Normandy Base Section in Cherbourg. I remained in this department throughout the remainder of my army career. My job was to open, read and route all incoming mail to the proper sectional officers for disposition--very interesting and enjoyable work. In February of 1945 the base section was moved to Deauville, France--the Riviera area of the Normandy coast some one hundred miles west of Paris. In July of 1945 the Normandy Base Section was changed to Chanor Base Section and moved to Brussels. Here I reamined until January 1946 when I was shipped home via Le Havre--getting my final discharge papers on February 15, 1946, a date I will never forget. No citations, no awards, no imprisonments--one wound. In March of 1945 in Deauville while attempting to break up a fight between two fellow G.I.'s I fell and broke my wrist necessitating a hospital internment in Rouen for a few weeks. During my entire army career I never even touched a gun--only a hypodermic needle and a pencil."

Charles O. Bradsher (F/o TI38548) Enlisted November 7, 1942, in the Air Force, and served as Aviation Student and Cadet until November 30, 1944, when he was appointed flight Officer November-30, 1944. He went overseas as Glider Pilot and was stationed at Reims, France most of the time, with the 438th Troop carrier group, 90th Sqd. He received no injury; two battle stars. He flew back to states July 20, 1945, and was discharged November 27, 1945.

Bobby C. Branch, aerial radio operator was awarded the Air Medal with the India-China Division, Air Transport Command. The award was made upon completion of 150 hours of operational flight in the transport aircraft over the dangerous and difficult India-China air routes. The citation accompanying the award adds: Flying at night as well as by day, at high altitudes over impassible mountainous terrain through areas characterized by extremely treacherous weather conditions necessitating long periods of operation on instruments--requiring courageous and superior performance of his duties to overcome, he accomplished his mission with distinct-

ion." The award was made for the period of service from October 26, 1944, to November 24, 1944.

Turner Bright U.S.N.R. was with the V-12 unit at Duke University for two years then went to Midshipman school. Then for further training at Hugh Manly school in Chicago. At one time he was with the U.S.S. Praire State in the Atlantic and was later transferred to the Pacific area.

Victor S. Bryant, Jr., served in the Army Air Corps, receiving his training at Keesler Field, Miss., Reading, Pa., Nashville, Tenn., Maxwell Field, Alabama; Tyndall Field, Florida, Deming Army Air Field Bombardier School, and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Sept. 1944. A terwards he was attached to the 5th Air Froce. Served in the Pacific Theatre from December 1944 until November 1945. Was stationed on Mindora, in the Phillippines, and Okinawa. Victor was awarded the Air Medal with two stars, in recognition of courageous service to his combat organization and for meritorious achievement while participating in airial flights in the southwest Pacific area from February 8, 1945, to May 11, 1945. His length of service - July 1943 to November 1945.

Craig Campbell enlisted in the Army on March 16, 1946, in the middle of his junior year, at Duke University, and was sent to Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he reamined until July, 1946. From there, he was sent to Officers' Training School, at Fort Sill, Okla. He resigned here in October and was sent to Hawaii. From Hawaii, he went to Korea, just 90 miles from the "Iron Curtain". He was mustered out on September 16, 1947, and entered Duke to finish his course of three semesters in Forestry.

Claude Waldrue Campbell enlisted in the Navy Reserves on April 20, 1943, and remained in V-12 Unit until he was commissioned an Ensign at New York City on October 26, 1944. He was separated from the Navy on August 4, 1946, as a Navy Reserve Officer. The medals, he received were Certificate of Satisfactory Service, American Campaign Medal, One Star Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal, the Phillippine Liberation Ribbon, and World War II Victory Medal. Claude's overseas duty was on a L.S.M. #4.

Frank Highsmith Campbell enlisted in the Navy Reserve on May 12, 1943, and remained in the V-12 Program at Duke University in the Medical School, and was released from active duty in December, 1945. He received the following medal: American Area Victory World War II Medal. He is now a Lieutenant Junior Grade in the Naval Medical Department at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina and was activated on July 1, 1947.

Albert G. Carr - Major - United States Marine Corps. His branch of service was the Infantry. While over seas, he was with the 2nd Battalion, 8th Marines, 2nd Division, and, while with this Unit, served as Platoon Commander, Company Commander, Operations Officer and Executive Officer.

He was stationed at Quantico, Camp Elliott, San Diego, American Samoa, Guadalcanal, New Zealand, Norfolk Navy Yards, Camp Lejeune. The length of his service was two years, over seas and five and a half years in the Corps. His citations are: Purple Heart and the Presidential Citation. He was wounded in the left arm by a piece of shrapnel off Keli Point, Guadalcanal, January 3, 1943. He returned to the States in December, 1943, due to contracting a tropical malady, and spent almost two years after return as Tactical Instructor in Reserve Officer's School, in Quantico, Va.

William F. Carr, Jr., served in Army-Transportation Corps, with Headquarters 7th Army, 2nd Quartermaster Group, 144th Quartermaster Truck Co. He was in the service four and a half years, and three years of this time were spent over seas. He was stationed at Fort Knox, Ky., Fort Warren, Wyoming, India, California, Camp A.P. Hill, Va., North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany. His awards: Bronze Star.

Stuart M. Chandler served with the Army Air Force in Panama, Porta Rica and South America. He said in one of his letters that his latest battle had been with "mud and mosquitoes", which the latter won. After returning to the states, he was stationed at Southern Pines.

Edgar Cheek, Jr., Sgt. 97th Ord. Co. (M-M) Aberdeen Proving Ground, Aberdeen, Md. He was stationed here in the Ordinance Dept. for three and a half years. His particular work was processing men for over seas duty.

James O. Cobb, Jr., Served in the Marine Corps on Paris Island, and later with the Naval Air Base at St. Simon's Island, Ga. He received his discharge in time to enter Davidson College, September 1946.

W.R.E. Coleman spent some time in the Pacific on Saipan, Okinawa, and was within 100 yards of Ernie Pyle when he was killed. At one time during the heavy fighting, he was 350 miles from the Jap mainland and 450 miles from China. Leter, he was sent to Japan. "I don't like the Japs, don't like Japan, don't like the climate - otherwise, I'm fine."

Clifton M. Craig, Jr., joined the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve as a Private in May 1937 and was commissioned Second Lieutenant in November 1939. He came on active duty August 1940 at Quantico, Virginia and was transferred to the 2nd Marine Division, San Diego, California in December 1940. From May 1941 to February 1942 he was in Iceland with the 1st Prov. Marine Brigade; from February 1942 to July 1942, San Diego, California; from July 1942 to September 1942, Fort Benning, Georgia; from September 1942 to June 1943, Depot of Supplies, Electronics Section, Philadelphia; from June 1943 to July 1945 Pacific, 1st Marine Amphibious Corps;

from July 1945 to the present, Electronics Division, Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa. He was awarded a Personal Citation for cuty in Pacific. He is in the regular Marine Corps, not reserve, and holds a permanent rank of Major.

Robert N. Creadick, M.D. "My record for your files will not be a very useful or exciting one, but it might help you to complete the list. My tour of duty covered three years in the War from Carlisle Barracks, Penn. to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to Big Spring, Texas to O.S.S., and then as Chief Obstetrical Division Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D.C. I was promoted from Lieutenant to Captain in ten months, and from Captain to Major in twenty months through some obvious 'error' in the Surgeon General's Department. I had the care of all of the WACS, wives, Nurses and WASPS (Woman's Army Service Pilots). I delivered approximately six hundred babies for the Army and committed a lot of other minor accomplishments. I was not decorated or perforated."

William D. Croom, Corporal in U.S. Army Air Forces; the 483rd Bombardment Group (H), 15th Air Force. He served 22 months divided as follows: 5 months Stateside duty, Sheppard Field, Texas, and Las Vegas Army Air Field, Nevada. 17 months foreign duty in Italy, Received 8 Battle Stars - Presidential Unit Citation - Good Conduct Badge.

Raphael W. Coonrad, M.D. entered the Navy in July 1943 and was commissioned an Ensign, USNR, December, 1943, without assignation. He was attached to Duke Hospital and School of Medicine, A.S.,USNR, in 1944-45.

Alton James Coppridge entered service May 1944, and was stationed at Nashville, Tennessee with the ASTRP until December 1944. He was then with the Infantry (H.W.) in Georgia, Texas, and California, from December 1944 until November 1945. His overseas duties began in November 1945 when he was sent to Tokyo, Yokohama and Sendai, Japan with the Medical Corps, where he served until September. He was awarded the following medals: Good conduct, Expert Infantry Badge, Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon, American Theatre Ribbon, Victory Ribbon, and Occupation Medals.

S.V. Daniel, Jr., entered the service in February 1943 and received an honorable discharge August 1943. During those months he served in the Department of Finance.

Earl Dunn was stationed at Fort Meyers Beach, where he received dangerous wounds, necessitating his discharge.

Robert D. Elliott's branch of service was the Army Air Force, which was a part of 2nd service Group, and was stationed in Iceland from March 1943 to October 1944. His length of service was three years and three months. Citations: American Theatre Service Medal, E.A.M.E. (European, African medal Eastern) Service Medal.

William T. Epperson served in the Transportation Corps with the seventh Army Headquarters, which was stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in December, 1941. From there, he was sent to Fort Warren, Wyoming, until April, 1942; then to Camp Young, California, until August, 1942; then to Camp A.P. Hill, Virginia in September, 1942. He was sent to North Africa, in May, 1943 and went into Sicily in December, 1943; to Italy June, 1944; to France in March 1945, and to Germany, September, 1945. Length of service: four and a half years. Awards: Bronze Star.

Charles C. Erxson was inducted into the Air Corps in 1942 at Ft. Myers Fla., from there he was sent to Denver Col., for special study in Ariel Photography. He next went to Wilmington, Del. where he was stationed for a while, serving as an ariel and Ground Photography for the Air Force. He received his discharge from Ft. Bragg following the close of the War.

Joel V. Fenton was stationed at Camp Butner with HQ. 309th I. A. Bn., 78th Division. He joined the First Presbyterian Church while stationed there.

William F. Franck, Jr., entered U.S. Army at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, August, 1943, transferred to Camp Lee and the Quartermaster Corps for basic training. Entered Officers Candidate School at Camp Lee, Virginia in March, 1944, and received his commission as 2nd Lieutenant Q.M.C. July 14, 1944. Transferred to Camp Breckenridge, Ky., and to 3959th Q.M. Truck Company, as Platoon Leader. This unit then moved to Camp Campbell, Ky. where he was appointed motor officer. The unit then moved to Camp Miles Standish, Mass; and then to Porthcarol, Wales in December, 1944. Here it was converted to Q.M. Truck Company. The next move was to France via Le Havre, Paris, and Reims, with Q.M. Supplies, then into Germany following the Third Army, forming a link in the gasoline supply lines. The end of the war found Bill in Wurzburg, Germany. Two weeks later he was back in France where his outfit spent eight months hauling troops and supplies for that district with a special Red Cross mission of hauling to over populated French Prison Camps in the Southwest France. In the meantime Bill had been promoted to 1st Lieutenant in November 1945. The 3959th Q.M. Truck Company was dissolved in December, 1945, and Bill was transferred to 3677th Q.M. Truck Company and later to the 3575th Q.M. Truck Company as commanding officer. His mission was to load troops and supplied from Le Havre to Paris.. In June, 1946, he was sent home and received his discharge in September of that year. Medals: American Theatre Ribbon, European-African Middle Eastern Campaign with two stars, and World War II Victory Medal.

Harold H. Fuquay enlisted in the service June 18th, 1943, and was stationed at Camp Campbell, Ky., until October of that year with Company C, 537th armoured Infantry Battalion. Later he transferred to Company L 166th Infantry Regiment at Fort Sill, Okla., going from there to the Air Corps at Shepherd Field, Texas.

In January 1944 he was again transferred to Hobbs Army Air Field, Hobbs, New Mexico, and to Camp Bowie, Texas, where he later was attached to Company A, 67th Armoured Infantry Battalion, 13th Armored Division. He landed at Le Havre, France in March 1945. Late in the summer he came home on a thirty day furlough, and then was sent to Camp Look, California, where he received his discharge in January, 1946, having spent three and one half years in service. Harold received the good conduct medal, medal for expert riflemanship, and three battle stars. While overseas he was stationed in France, Germany, and Austria.

Lt. Col. Clarence E. Gardner, Jr., served in the Medical Corps at Fort Bragg, N.C. from 7/15/42 - 8/13/43 and Botesdale, Suffolk, England, Oct. 1943- Oct. 1945. His length of service was 3 years 5½ months with no citations, no wounds, or no imprisonments. Quoting from a commendation received by Duke Hospital from General Carl Spaatz: "One of my last and most pleasant duties as chief surgeon of the European Theatre of Operations is to record the splendid service of the 65th General Hospital. "This hospital unit first started to operate in this theatre Dec. 13, 1943, It established first at Blackmoor Park, Worcestershire, England in Nissen huts which, although somewhat different from the solid brick construction they were used to in civil life, the unit made into a splendid looking plant. This experience enabled the 65th General Hospital to operate a fine plant under hutted conditions when they were transferred to Redgrove Park, Botesdale, East Suffolk, England on 4 March 1944 where they are at this date. "I find myself at a loss for words to describe the superb quality of medical personnel that came with this unit. I have had to draw upon this personnel to leaven weaker units in the theatre. Despite frequent drafts upon the 65th General Hospital, the professional talent seems inexhaustible. They have always had an equally good man to replace one that I had to take away from them; and those that still remain with the unit maintain the same high standard of professional care that characterized this unit in the early days."

Romeo Germino was stationed in Italy for sometime and later became a member of the First Field Artillery Observation Bn. which was working with the French First Army in France. He was computer in Artillery through the entire campaign of breaking Hitler's line into Italy.

D vidson K. Girvin (Ethel Lipscomb's husband) enlisted in the First Troop Philadelphia City Calvary as a private (The oldest organization in the U.S. in continuous service - George Washington being the first Captain) - They were stationed at Indiantown Gap, Pa., from March until September 1941 - when they came to Wadesboro, N.C. for maneuvers. He entered Infantry Officers school at Fort Benning, Ga., and became 2nd Lieutenant August, 1942, and reported to Camp Butner that same year with 929 Air Base Security Battalion. He was promoted to 1st Lieutenant in December, 1942 and July 1943 was made Captain (less than a year after being a P.F.C.) In October, 1943, he joined the 390th Infantry Regiment of 98 Division on maneuvers in Tennessee.

Davidson received a leave before going overseas, when he and Ethel Lipscomb were married in January, 1944. After a short honeymoon he sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, landing at Kanai for a month before going to Oahu, where his regiment was responsible for defense of the Island. He was later assigned to the Island of Canton, as executive Officer and Adjutant, Red Cross Officer, and Intelligence Officer. He returned to Honolulu August, 1945 and to Camp Butner in September. After terminal leave, he was separated in March, 1946.

James Gleason (cpl.) belonged to Bty. C 838th A.A.A. - A.W. Bn. and served in the European theatre.

Edwin Glymph served in both the Atlantic and Pacific theatres of war on an air craft carrier, the Randolph, one of the aircraft carriers that made the first carrier task force raids on Tokyo, the 14th, 17th, and 24th of February, inflicting heavy damage on the defense industries and air fields. Spent training in Newport News, Va.

Grover Glymph moved from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Stationed for a while at Treasurer Island, California, also in Alaska, his ship, the destroyer CALHOUN was sunk in the Pacific. He and the rest of his crew landed in San Francisco, and he had an emergency furlough.

H. Kelly Glymph was stationed at the Naval Air Base, St. Simon's Island, Ga. He later served on the Ericson in the Atlantic, and while off the shores of North Africa was wounded. Afterwards he was transferred to the West Coast.

David W. Goddard, M.D., entered active service in July, 1944 at U.S.N. Hospital, Portsmouth, Va. He was sent to West Coast to join Special Augmented Hospital #6 in August, 1944. He was with the first Naval Hospital ashore in the Okinawa campaign. Remained on Okinawa following Jap surrender, and was transferred to Fleet Hospital #116, which was the permanent Navy hospital there. Ordered home for separation in February, 1946. Was separated from active service in April, 1946. Dr. Goddard's rank was Lt. (MC).

Neil A. Graham, Jr., was with the U.S. Navy and was stationed at Norfolk, Va., Honolulu, T.H., Hawaii, Kauai, T.H., Pearl Harbor, T.H. San Francisco, Calif., Long Beach, Calif., Boston, Mass. USS Lexington, USS Alveda, and USS McCracken, His length of service was four years, two months, and twenty-seven days, most of this time was spent on the USS Lexington. Citation awarded the USS Lexington, for heroism displayed by her crew in action against enemy Japanese forces in the Pacific War Area from September 18, 1943 to August 15, 1945 is most impressive however, it is too lengthy for our record. Here is a brief summary of some of her accomplishments.

1,047 Jap planes destroyed, 35 Major Actions, 2,035 bombs on airfields, 700 bombs dropped on factories, sank or damaged 588,000 tons of naval vessels, sank or damaged 497,000 gross tons of merchant shipping.

Charles Gunn Duke V-12, and Station Hospital at New River, N.C. Apprentice Seaman to School of medicine at Duke Hospital.

Colonel David L. Hardee, Infantry (Regular Army) Served as a Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry, on Staff of General Douglas Macarthur, in Manila, Philippine Islands, on December 6, 1941 and continued to serve on same until February 28, 1942, at which time was assigned as Executive Officer for the Provisional Air Corps Regiment, (Infantry) in Bataan. He served on the front line in Bataan for 73 days until April 9, 1942, then he was promoted to Colonel, Infantry, Army of the United States, April 7, 1942. Col. Hardee was a participant in the "Death March" of prisoners of our war of Bataan and served as a prisoner of war at the following places: Camp O'Donnell; Cabanatuan; Davao Penal Colony and Billibid, Phillipine Islands. He was returned to military control at Billibid, Manila, Philippine Islands on February 4, 1945 and returned to the United States April 12, 1945. Col. Hardee was awarded the following decorations and service ribbons. Silver Star with three Oak Leaf Clusters; Purple Heart; Victory Medal, World War I; Army of Occupation of Germany Medal, 1918; Yantze Service Medal (Service in China); American Defense Medal; Philippine Defense Medal; Philippine Liberation Medal; Asiatic Pacific Medal and the Victory Medal, World War II; Distinguished Unit Badge with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

Thomas T. Hay served in the Infantry; was stationed in the South Pacific. He was in service for a period of four years, with forty-three months overseas. Battles: Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Arundel Island, Luzon, Occupation in Japan.

Charles C. Haynes, Jr., entered the service in 1942 and took his basic training at Fort Riley Kansas, after which he was placed in the Cavalry Replacement Training Center and later was made instructor in horsemanship in the Center. He attended O.C.S. in Cavalry School at Fort Riley and was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant. During 1943 he played fullback on the Midwest Army Championship Team. At Fort Clark, Texas he was Brigade Officer of 5th Cavalry Brigade Hdq. His next move was overseas to North Africa with the 2nd. Cavalry Division, where he served as instructor in the 5th Leadership and Battle Training School. Then to Italy with the 349 Infantry and was wounded in the Gothic Line Push. After six months in the hospital he rejoined the 88th and remained with them until the end of the war, and then served with the Occupation Force in the Tyrolean Sector, G-2-4th Corps Hdq. Charles was awarded the Purple Heart; Combat Infantry Badge; Silver Star with three battle Stars; Croix de guerre.

H. G. Hedrick, Jr. entered the service in December 1941 and was assigned to the Ground Forces of the Air Corps. He served until his discharge around Jan. 1, 1946.

Ralph L. Henry (Mable Hutchins husband) 303rd. Md. Bn. Co. A- 78th. Divison. He was stationed at Camp Butner and left with 78th. Divison for Service in Europe.

George Watts Hill was requested to go to Washington in March 1942 with the Office of Coordinator of Information. In July 1942 he changed to Office of Strategic Services and was sent to England and Scotland to attend British Intelligence and Commando Schools. He was commissioned Major, A.U.S., February 1943 and was sent on special duty to England, France, Belgium, and Holland in the summer and fall of 1944. Major Hill was inactivated at his request in April 1945, but continued as a civilian with OSS attending as a civilian to matters of a confidential nature for the government until October 1945. He received the Polish award "Polonia Restituta" from the old Polish government. Major Hill referred to himself as "Just a civilian in uniform," which applies equally to the majority of the men in service.

Donald V. Hirst, Capt. M.C. 22 months at Army Air Forces School of Applied Tactics in Orlando, Fla., 20 months overseas in China as a Flight Surgeon with a P-38 Fighter Squadron - the 449th Fighter Squadron in the 14th Air Force.

Richard B. Holeman, Jr. enlisted Feb. 23, 1944 discharged May 15, 1946. No citations, no awards, not wounded, not imprisoned. Spend 3/4 year at Manhattan Beach Training Station in Brooklyn, N.Y.; 3 months at Stapleton Marine Hospital in Staten Island; 1 year on a troop transport Hospitalship (USS General A. W.) - to France, India, China, Burma, Ceylor, Australia, Egypt. 3 months on gun boat patroling California Coast out of Los Angeles, Calif. Richard writes: "Being a Ph.M. I did not see any action to amount to anything comparatively. I spent a year in New York and a little over a year on a hospital ship. This ship went to India mostly, with a couple of trips to Le Harve, France. The ship did have a good record, however. We carried some of the first real "Phyco" patients out of the CBI Theater of war. I spent around three months on a weather patrol gunboat patroling the California Coast until I was sent to the east coast for discharge."

Lela Hooker, trained with American Red Cross in Washington beginning October 1943. Served as Hospital Recreation worker with 15th General Hospital. Arrived in Ellsmere, England sometime in March 1944. Transferred to Nance - to Paris, then to Leige, Belgium in August 1944, St. Laurens Hospital. Hospital bombed day after Thanksgiving, 1944. Then to the Fortress at Leige. Served with 15th General as Evacuation Hospital until war closed. Was wounded when hospital bombed. Has Purple Heart. Lela came home

December 1945. May 1946 was sent to San Francisco to sail on Hospital Ship COMFORT to Pacific points as American Red Cross Assistant Field Director. In January 1947 she accepted a position as Educational Director with Ft. Wily Veterans Hospital.

Seth Hobgood was a Corporal with Co. 4, 33rd Armored Rgt., Ordinance Depot Co., in France.

William A. Honeycutt, Jr. enlisted January 28, 1947 for a term of three years, and took his basic training at Tacoma, Washington (Fort Lewis). He was sent to Japan in June 1947 and stationed at Kokura, Japan with the 24th Divison; 24th Signal Corps (Army). He is next stationed in Keio School Command near Tokyo taking five month course in very high frequency (radio).

Sam M. Hughes writes: "Naval Cadet from November 23, 1942 until May 25, 1944, at which time was designated Naval Aviator assigned to the Marines. Was with the Marines for two years prior to my separation at Camp LeJuene, N. C. May 1946. Now a member of the Organized Marine Reserves which meets monthly at the Naval Air Station at Norfolk, Va. Was overseas for one year, on Peleliu, Ulithi and Guam. No awards of note. No experience of note."

Philip W. Hutchings served for three years in the Pacific Theatre on board the USS Samuel Chase (APA-26) and the USS New Kent (APA-217) as Deck Division Officer and Gunnery Officer. His ship operated as a unit of the Fifth Amphibious Fleet on various invasions and landing operations. He later visited Hiroshima, Japan shortly after the first Atomic Bomb was dropped. Philip received midshipman training at the U.S. Naval Reserve Midshipmen School, Northwestern University, Chicago, Illinois, and his commission as Ensign after completing midshipman training.

Gale E.Ifft enlisted in U.S. Army on May 26, 1943 at New Cumberland, Pa. After basic training at Fort Bragg, N.C., in November 1943 he was sent overseas as a replacement to Africa and Italy. In January of 1944 he was assigned to Battery C of the 10th Field Artillery of Third Infantry Division at the Anzio Beachhead in Italy. In March he was severely wounded and as a consequence spent the next seven months in different hospitals, returning to the U.S. in August 1944, and was sent to Camp Butner, N. C. It was then he became a member of First Presbyterian Church in Durham, N. C. In the fall of 1945 his section was sent to Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., receiving his discharge in March 1946 at Ft. Meade, Md. During his service Gale received the Good Conduct Medal, World War II Victory Ribbons, American Theater Ribbon and a Battle Star for the Naples area in Italy.

J. Elliott Irvine, World War I - Enlisted as seaman April 1917 - Commissioned as Ensign 1918. Served ashore at Newport, R. I. and at sea. Served about two years. Mr. Irvine also served in World

War II. He was commissioned as Major, Finance Department, Headquarters Army Service Forces in April 1942. Stationed for a short while at Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C. Transferred to Headquarters Fourth Service Command, Atlanta, Ga. Promoted to Lieut. Col. Served about 3½ years.

Charles F. Jones served with the Army Air Forces from June 5, 1942 to December 22, 1945. He was stationed at Officers Training School, Miami, Florida, Rentschler Field, Hartford, Conn., Africa, Egypt, Malta, Sicily, Greenville Army Air Base, S. C., and the Air Technical Service Command, Detroit, Mich. During his service he served with rank of Lieutenant, Captain, and Major. He participated in the battles of Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Sicily, and Naples-Foggia. He was an executive officer during the African campaign with 79th Fighter Squadron 87th Group; Base Staff Officer, Greenville, S. C., Contracting Officer, Packard Motor Car Co., which was the largest contract the Air Forces had.

E. Leyburn Jones - LS4(L) - Somewhere in Pacific. Landed on Island in Pacific on Christmas Day. "The only thing reminiscent of Christmas were the fireworks." It was January 1943 before he was called to basic training at St. Petersburg, where he remained until the end of April, and was transferred to New Orleans, and soon to sea as an Ordinary Seaman on an Army supply ship Three months later his first voyage ended in Seattle, Washington, and there he received his certificate of Able Seaman. For the next twelve months at sea he served as Quartermaster on oil tankers in the Atlantic and on an Army hospital ship, the "Seminole" in the Mediterranean. This accumulation of sea duty entitled Tom to take examination for officer's school, so at the end of January 1945 he went from Charleston, South Carolina to New London, Connecticut. In May he graduated as Deck Officer and in July was assigned to an Army troop ship in Savannah as Third Officer. The war with Japan ended just before the ship sailed, but from Antwerp, Southhampton, and Marseille he crossed the Atlantic many times more with soldiers - and even war brides. His final discharge was in New York in April 1946. "As the saying in the Navy goes, "(I) came through the hawse hole," but not making the sea my career, I little more than cleared the hawse hole in the three years I was a sailor."

Major Thomas T. Jones, Medical Corps, with 65th General Hospital from Joly 15, 1942 until July 8, 1945. In ETO from Sept., 1943 until July 8, 1945. Then returned to General Hospital Service in California until release Feb. 15, 1946 - 43 months service. No citations or awards, neither wounded nor imprisoned. Sprained ankle in softball game against Texas University. General Hospital Group. Principal interest in treatment of veneral disease and dermatology. Left Army as Lt. Col. Major Jones was a member of that unit about

which an Army General said: "I find myself at a loss to describe the superb quality of the medical personnel which came with the Unit from Duke University."

Henry B. Keir (Louise Murray's husband) began his army career with the 859th Ordinance Co., 52nd Q. M. Battalion, at Camp Butner, N.C., on October 31, 1942. In January 1943, his company moved to Camp Campbell, Kentucky, where they were attached to the Fourth Armored Division. He was sent to the Swanna, Illinois Ordinance School for a period of eight weeks to study Army administration. While attending school, his company was transferred to the Desert Training Center, at Camp Young, California, where he rejoined it in September, 1943, embarking for overseas service on November 23, 1943, from Camp Patrick Henry, Va., sailing from Norfolk on the Liberty ship Joseph Leidy. They arrived in Oran, Africa, December 12, 1943 and remained there until January 7, 1944, when they sailed for Bombay, India, arriving there on February 1, 1944. They reached their destination, Chabna Assam, India on February 14, and remained in Assam until September, 1945, then on to Karachi, India, sailing from there October 7, 1945, arriving in the states and was discharged with the rank of Technical Sergeant on October 26, 1945, at Fort Dix, N. J. Length of service three years, and was overseas nearly two years. He was cited for Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service against the enemy, preparing and forwarding ordinance material to Chinese troops, under extreme adverse weather conditions and with limited inexperienced personnel while operating a vehicle depot in Assam, India, for the period from April, 1944 to May, 1945.

John T. Kerr III enlisted as apprentice seaman and was ordered to active duty with V-12, University of North Carolina. He was transferred from there to Asbury Park, New Jersey, for additional training and later sent to USNR Midshipman School at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, and was commissioned an ensign April 27, 1945. He served for eight months aboard the USS Chenango, an escort aircraft carrier, as personnel officer; saw duty in the Philippines, Okinawa, Japan and Northern Pacific and served with Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet in operations against Japan in July, 1945. He was transferred to duty with staff of Commander, Seventh Fleet, (Admiral Charles M. Cooke, Jr.) in China for four months in 1946. He was released from active duty on July 1, 1946, after three years service.

Lewis Leary, Jr. Office of Strategic Services, Washington, D.C. from May 15, 1945 - Nov. 17, 1943; then Nov. 17, 1943 - Aug. 15, 1945 in Cairo, Egypt, Chief, Secret Intelligence, Near Middle East (A civilian with assimilated rank of Lt. Col.) No awards or wounds.

William Alsey Leathers was drafted October 1943 and selected the Navy as his branch of service. He attended recruit training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and later enrolled in U.S.N.R. Midshipmen's School, Columbia University, New York City. He was appointed

an Ensign in June, 1944. He served on Landing Ship Tank #591 in the Pacific, acting as Supply Officer, Gunnery Officer, and Deck Officer. He participated in the invasions of Mindanao, Phillipines, and Brunie Bay, Borneo. Bill received promotion to rank of Lieutenant (jg) at the end of the war. Bill says "Shot at lots of times but never hit, thus no medals."

Bernice B. Lucas, Jr. enlisted as yeoman 2nd Class, USNR in Richmond, Virginia on August 19, 1941, and was transferred for duty to Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia. He was advanced to Yeoman, 1st Class on July 1, 1942, and appointed to the Navy College Training Program on July 1, 1943 at Duke University. By getting this appointment he was reduced to apprentice seaman. On completion of the training at Duke in October 1944 he was transferred to Pre-Midshipmen's School, Asbury Park, N. J., and on December 26, 1944 to U.S.N.R. Midshipmen's School, Columbia University, New York City. On January 20, 1945 he was appointed Midshipman, U.S.N.R., and completed training for Ensign, U.S.N.R. on April 26, 1945. Was transferred to Harvard University for communications training. On May 4, 1945 was sent to General Line Officers' School, Miami, Florida. In July 1945 was transferred to Amphibious Forces, Atlantic Fleet, Norfolk, Virginia for training and assignment. Released to inactive duty on March 14, 1946. Decorations: Good Conduct Medal, American Defense Medal, American Theatre of Operations, and the World War II Victory Medal. His duties were in administration, training of recruits in small boats, general line officer's duties.

John D. McConnell was with the Naval Air Intelligence Sector, stationed at Traverse City, Michinga.

Alastair Muirhead enlisted in the U. S. Army at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, March, 1944, and entered service June, 1944. He was sent to O.C.S. at Ft. Benning, Ga. in September, 1944, graduating as Second Lieutenant in January, 1945 as the youngest officer on record. (Alastair had graudated from Culver Military Academy, June, 1944) He was stationed with the 174th Infantry from January to April, at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. From April to August, 1945, he was at Camp Rucker, Alabama. From there he was sent overseas to Japan where he remained from September 1945 to September, 1945, with the 27th Infantry Division, 1689 Eng. Bn.

Awards: American Theatre Ribbon, Japanese Occupation Ribbon, Victory Medal.

Raymond McDermott USNR entered the Navy in 1941 serving nine months with the Patrol Squadron VPB-110. As Pilot aboard a Navy Land based Liberator Seach Plane he made thirty-five combat patrols with Squadron 110. While at Camp Hutchinson where he war receiving

further training in the Navy Privateer Type Patrol bomber he was awarded the Air Medal. The citation reads as follows: "For outstanding airmanship and meriotorius achievement while participating in aerial flights as a member of the crew of a PB4Y-1 bomber on anti-submarine patrol in the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel north of 50 degrees North latitude during the period from October 1944 to May 1945. His skill, resourcefullness, and cooperation contributed greatly to the effectiveness of his crew in accomplishing its assigned missions. Patrols of long duration were flown, often under adverse weather conditons, which materially assisted in the eventual defeat of the enemy U-boat campaign in the Battle oe the Atlantic. "His coolness in flight and devotion to duty during this period were in keeping with the best traditions of the United States' service."

Evan G. McIver, Jr. entered the U. S. Navy in September, 1943 and was sent to Hollywood, Florida, for two months indoctrination. His next station was Norfolk, Va., where he spent three months in gunnery. From Norfolk, he was stationed in Brooklyn, N. Y. for duties afloat. He was then assigned to the tanker S. S. Vistula and later to the S. S. Thomas B. Reed as the Navy gunnery officer. While at sea, he entered the following ports: Bizerta, Tunisia, Port Said, Egypt, Suez, Egypt, Aden, Arabia, Karachi, India, Bombay, India, Quilion, India, Hull, England, Swanser, Wales, and Antwerp, Belgium. On his return to the States, he was stationed in New York, N. Y. Great Lake, Illinois, and finally as a division officer in Norfolk, Va. He was released to inactive duty on January 1, 1946.

John D. MacMillan was inducted into the Army at Fort Bragg, N. C. on April 11, 1941. After taking basic training there he was assigned to the 79th Field Artillery Regiment. On July 10, 1942, he entered the Quartermaster Officer Candidate School at Camp Lee, Va., and was commissioned a Second Lt. on October 16, 1942. Upon completion of various special schools he was assigned to the 517th Quartermaster Truck Regiment at Camp Van Dorn, Miss. He sailed with the 517th from New York on May 10, 1943, and landed in India in June. After a short stay there the Regiment moved to Iran to take up duty on the Lend Lease Corridor to Russia, their mission being to move supplies from the Persian Gulf to the Russian Border. This mission was declared completed in January, 1945, and he moved with the Regiment to Europe, landing in Southern France in the same month. They were assigned to the U. S. First Army and took part in the last two campaigns of the European War. When the war ended they were transferred to Antwerp, Belgium and remained there until they sailed for home on November 29, 1945, landing in Boston on November 28, 1945 after being overseas approximately 31 months. He was discharged at Fort Bragg, N. C. on Feb. 23, 1945 with the rank of Capt., having served four years, ten months and twelve days. He was awarded the Pre-Pearl Harbor medal, The American Defense Medal, The Asiatic-Pacific medal, the Middle East-European medal with two

battle stars and the Victory Medal. The countries in which he served were India, Iran, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany. In addition he spent short periods of time in Iraq, Trans-Jordan, Palestine and Egypt.

Charles M. Mason, U.S.N. entered the Navy July, 1943. He was stationed on the U.S.S. Silverstein D. E. from October, 1944 to November, 1945. During that time his ship served as a destroyer escort in both the Atlantic and Pacific. In the Atlantic the Silverstein was used largely for convoying. In the Pacific, she participated in a number of important battles.

James P. Milam enlisted in the Army and served two years and nine months as an Airplane Mechanic in the American Theatre stationed for sometime at Thomasville, Georgia.

Homes Montsinger, Jr. completed 40 missions over Germany. A story released by the War Department is as follows: "Attacked by at least 30 Messerschmitt 109 fighter planes as it bombed a railroad junction and marshalling yards a few miles north of Naples, a United States B-26 Marauders cut the yards and tracks in three places and destroyed numerous railroad cars standing in the yards. The co-pilot, Lt. James E. Milton, of Oak Park, Ill., said the pilot Lt. Homer E. Montsinger, Jr., "saved us with his evasive action."

William Muirhead served in the Technical Intelligence Department from March 1945 to September 1945, with headquarters in the American Embassy in London, England. From there he made frequent trips to the continent visiting principally France and Germany in connection with his special work. His rank was that of Colonel.

Clarence Nabers: Lieutenant 526 A Inf. Bn. Europe. He was awarded the Bronze Star medal for heroic achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy on December 26, 1944 in Belgium.

William R. Nesbitt spent eleven months at the Naval Training station Gulfport, Miss., supervising the laboratories and serving as ward officer in several wards of contagious diseases, after which he was advanced to Chief of Medical Service. For thirteen months he was with a Naval Military Government Unit, ten months of this was on the Carolina Islands where he was in charge of a fifty bed hospital. Bill served in the U.S.N. fifty two months as follow: Twelve months with the 6th Amphibious Force, ending with the Normandy Invasion. Six months of instruction in Pathology at the Naval Medical School Bethesda, Md. After receiving his discharge in September 1947 he was reappointed to the rank of Lieutenant in the inactive Naval Reserve.

Richard L. Pearse: Lieutenant - MC-USNR - 28th March 1941 - October 1, 1942. Officer in charge of Family Clinic, J. S. N. O. B. Dispensary Key West, Florida, 28th March 1941. Asst. Med. Officer, Department of Surgery, U. S. N. O. B. Dispensary, Key West, Florida, 28 March 1941. Lieutenant Commander - MC USNR - 1 October 1942 - 27 July 1945. Officer in charge of Family Clinic, U. S. N. O. B. Dispensary, Key West, Florida - Detached March 1, 1943. Assistant Med. Officer, Dept. of Surgery, U. S. N. O. B. Dispensary, Key West, Florida - Detached March 1, 1943. Assistant Med. Officer, Family Clinic and Dept. of Surgery, U. S. N. Hospital, Key West, Florida, 1 March 1943 to 15 November 1943. Medical Officer, Precommissioning detail U. S. S. LEON, A.P.A. 48, U. S. Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N.Y. 2 December 1943. Medical Officer, U. S. LEON A. P. A. 48 - 12 February 1944. Present at Amphibious Landings. Saipan 15 June 1944. Anaaur (Palau) 17 September 1944 Leyte 22 October 1944 23 November 1944, Lingayen 11 January 1945, Okinawa 1 April 1945. Commander - MC-USNR - 27 July 1945. Occupation troops to Jinsen, Korea 8 Sept., 1945, Tientsin, China 1 October 1945, Detached from U.S.S. LEON 16 October 1945 Manilla. Placed on inactive duty 15 December 1945. American Defense Ribbon, American Theatre Ribbon, Pacific Theatre, with five stars. World War II, Victory Medal. Philippine Liberation Ribbon with two stars.

Robert S. Phillips entered the service January 27, 1944 as 1st Lieutenant, Medical Department. There followed a six weeks training at the Medical Field Service School, Carlisle Barraks, Pa. Then assigned to temporary duty at Lawson General Hospital as assistant Medical Inspector (2 Mo.) After which he was ordered to Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, Maryland. Next a 3 weeks course at the Treatment of War Gas Contaminated Water. Then he was assigned to duty as Medical Inspector, Ream General Hospital, West Palm Beach, Fla., and again transferred to the Welch Convalescent Hospital, Daytona Beach, Fla., where he has served as Post Medical Inspector, Post Safety Engineer, Trial Judge Advocate. In 1945 Bob was ordered to New York University for a three weeks course in Safety Engineering. Then came his assignment in October, 1945 to Panama Canal Department as Dept't Sanitary Engineer Surgeon General. While there he received his promotion to the Captaincy, serving as officer in charge of Sanitary Force. Bob returned to U. S. A. November 3, 1946.

Lanier W. Pratt entered the Navy as Lieutenant (j.g.) in February, 1943, and ended his terminal leave as Lieutenant Commander, CD, USNR, in August, 1946. Stationed first at Communications Training School, Harvard, then Fort Schuyler, N. Y., then S. C. T. C. (Sub Chaser Training Center), Miami, then NOB Norfolk for nucleus crew training in connection with DE program, then on board USS Hubbard (DE 211) in Charleston, S. C., in March, 1944, (helping commission this ship and staying on board her till December, 1945). In December, 1945, he was ordered to the Pacific to take command of a DE. After having missed several ships because of slow transportation, he finally took command of the USS Whitehurst (DE 634) in

Guam, Marianas, and remained in that capacity until relieved to inactive duty in New York, in June 1945. His positions held were: Communications Officer and Deck Watch Officer, USS Hubbard, Executive Officer and Navigator USS Hubbard (then transformed to an APD), Commanding Officer of the USS Whitehurst. He adds: "For the first part of my war experience, we did the slow work of escorting heavy equipement convoys to the Mediterranean, from Norfolk to Bizerta and back, three or four times without much happening. An occasional sub contact or air snooper, but nothing serious." When the Mediterranean became "Mare nostrum" (allies) again, his division of DES was taken off convoy duty and made into the first surfact killer group with specific assignments to hunt down and destroy enemy submarines. Previous to that time, there had been killer groups in the Navy, but they had all been centered around escort carriers with air support. Commander in Chief Atlantic Fleet was anxious to see what surface units,without air support, could do in the middle of the Atlantic against submarines. The newly-constituted unit of four De's equipped with the latest Buck Rogers gadgets was sent out against a single sub operating in the central Atlantic. After some three weeks of hard work, heart-rending near misses, and a lot of experimenting with new techniqures, they managed to get that sub, the first sunk under the then incumbent Cinclant who sent jubilant message and showered the task group with all sorts of medals etc., which embarrassed most of them to death. As luck would have it, the Hubbard, two days before the sinking, had hit a whale and incapacitated its sound gear, therefore, had to sit almost on the sidelines during the kill, also, lessening the grade of awards. Lanier received a Letter of Commendation with authority towear the Commendation Ribbon (the familiar "Green Dragon").

Rhea S. Preston was with the A.S.T.P. at Duke Medical School, and later stationed at Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, Ga.

Henry P. Reinhart says: "My record while uneventful is as follows:" Inducted into the Army at New Cumberland, Pa., July 27, 1943, received basis training at Fort Bragg, N. C.; sailed for England, February 20, 1944 at which time I became a member of "C" Bty., 42 F. A. Battalion of the 4th Infantry Division. While in Europe I participated in the following battles: Normandy, N. France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe. I returned to the U. S. with the Fourth Division July 10, 1945 and received my discharge at Camp Butner, N. C. November 4, 1945.

Greer Ricketson went on active duty 29 July 1943 at Carlisle Barracks Pa., as 1st Lieutenant Medical Corps. From there he was sent to Camp Haan, California where he became Battalion Surgeon of 143 A. A. A. Bn., and was stationed there approximately one year, after which time he was sent to the European Theatre. He participated in the campaigns of Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland

and Central Europe, and remained as part of the Army of Occupation following V. E. Day. After about one and one-half years overseas, Greer returned on December 13, 1945 and was discharged as Captain in February 1946. His awards were World War II Victory Medal; American Campaign Medal; European African Middle Eastern with 4 Battle Stars; Purple Heart; Bronze Star; Presidential Unit Citation and the Belgian Croix de Garre.

Joseph A. Robb, Jr. entered service July 14, 1945, separated Dec. 3, 1945. He was with the Air Force at Ellington Field, Texas, Miami Beach, Fla. AAFTTC, Harvard U. Cambridge, Mass. AAFTTC-340th Bomb Ap(w), Walterboro AAB, S. C., Cairo, Egypt, Medenine, Tinisia, Sfax, Tinisia, Hugla, Tinisia, Camiso, Sicily, Cadania, Sicily, San Pranciaccio, Italy, Ioggia, Iraly San Auisseppe (Vesusis), Italy Carisco, Italy, Rimine, Italy. Citations; Bronze Star, Distinguished Unit Badge (2) European Theater Ribbon and 8 battle stars, and American Defense Ribbon.

Louis C. Roberts--Branch: Army Medical Corps. Rank: Major Organizations: 65th Gen. Hospital--347th Sta. Hospital--119th Gen. Hospital--Moore General Hospital. Stations: Ft. Bragg, N. C. July 1942-Sept., 1943---England, Oct. 1943--June 1945---Moore Gen. Hospital, Swannanoa, N. C. July 1945-Jan. 1946. Length of service: Four years--He adds: "Nothing of special interest or excitement--lucky or unlucky as that may be."

Lt. Foy Roberson, Jr. was a member of 94th Squadron, 1st Pursuit Group, San Diego, Cal.--Killed while on patrol duty in a collision on the Pacific Ocean Dec. 21, 1941.

Col. Foy Roberson was Chief of Surgical Staff, McClosky General Hospital, Temple, Texas and later Chief of Surgical Staff Thayre General Hospital, Nashville, Tenn.

Robert A. Ross - M. D. World War I - Private - Medical Corp. World War II - Commissioned Lt. Comdr. in Medical Corps U.S.N.R. November 1940. Served on Boards of Medical Examiners from time to time until ordered to continuous active duty on December 31, 1941. Helped in procurement of Medical Officers and Medical Students and was connected with N.R.O.T.C. at Duke University until V-12 programme, had additional duty at University of North Carolina, Wake Forest, and dependent service of Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill. Ordered to sea in March 1944. Was Senior Medical Officer on Seaplane Tender USS Hamline. Was with 3rd and 5th Fleet while Palaus, Iwo-Jima, Phillipines, and Okinawa were captured. Went into Tokyo Bay with the Ghird Fleet and was present at the surrender. Awarded Purple Heart at Okinawa: "For wounds received while on a rescue mission to Pinckney." Was a patient at Charleston Navy Yard Hospital and later was in charge of the dependent clinic there. Promoted to Commander in 1943 and to Captain in 1945. Separated December 1945.

Daniel O. Shackelford enlisted in the Army of the United States as a private on October 15, 1941 and was assigned to the 30th Infantry Division Finance Office at Fort Jackson, S. C. On August 14, 1942 he was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Quartermaster Corps, after having completed Officers Candidate School at Camp Lee, Va., and assigned to the Atlanta Ordinance Depot, Atlanta, Ga. for a two months course in motor transport. In November, 1942 he received orders sending him to Camp Livingston, La., as Plans and Training Officer assigned to a Heavy Maintenance Battalion. In February 1943, he was ordered to Duke University Army Finance School for a three months course in Army Finance. Before the course was completed he was assigned the Army War Bond Office in Chicago, Illinois where he remained until July 1944. On August 5, 1945 he sailed from New Orleans, La., for San Juan, Puerto Rico and from there by air to Port of Spain, Trinidid, British West Indies. Dan was assistant Finance Officer and Base Fiscal Officer of the Trinidad Base Command until he returned to the United States in December 1946 to be discharged. At time of Discharge he was a Captain and now holds the rank of Major in the Reserve Corps.

Walter Eugene Shackelford entered Midshipman School, Columbia University Oct. 16, 1942 and was Commissioned Ensign, USNR, Feb. 16, 1943. Afterwards with the Special training Communications, U. S. Navial Academy, Anapolis from March 15 1943 to July 26, 1943. He was then attached to staff of Commander Destroyer Squadron Twelve, pacific fleet from Sept. 22, 1943 to November 21, 1945. Then saw temporary duty with the 6th. Naval District and NROTC Unit, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill., from Dec. 26, 1945 to Jan. 12, 1946. He was separated from active duty Jan. 25, 1946 from Naval Separation Center, Great Lakes, Ill, and received the following authorized ribbons: Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon with 10 bronze stars, American Area Ribbon, Phillipine Liberation Ribbon, Victory Ribbon. Walter's Major tour of duty was aboard the Destroyer Farenholt (DD 491) which was the flagship for Commander Destroyer Squadron Twelve. During his tour of duty on this ship she participated in the taking of all major bases in the Pacific from the Solomons to the final acceptance of surrender from Japanese held islands when Japan surrendered with the exception of the Marshalls and Tinian. During this time she was only damaged once and that was by a three inch shell shot from a shore battery on New Ireland in the Bismarck Archipelagoes when a raid was being conducted on shipping in Simpson Harbor.

Clyde A. Shaw, Jr. - Lieutenant Commander, USNR-O enlisted in Naval Reserve as Apprentice Seaman for Midshipman training in June 1941. Called to active duty 18 Sept., 1941. Reported to USNR Midshipman School at Northwestern University, Chicago, Illinois. Received commission as Ensign in January 1942.

Immediately reported to Post Graduate School at the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. for 22 weeks school. Reported in July 1942 to the U. S. S. South Dakota, BB 57. While aboard her participated in 7 major engagements including many air attacks, bombardments, surface action, landings, etc., Participated in Battle of Santa Cruz, Third Battle of Savo Island, Marshall-Gilbert campaign, Hollandia landings, attack on Truk, Marianas, etc. Saw duty aboard the Dakota in European waters as well as in Pacific. Detached from South Dakota in August 1944. Attended UNSRTC at Miami and then assigned to a Destroyer Escort as Executive Officer and Navigator. Later assigned to another Destroyer Escort as Executive Officer and Navigator. After that assigned to another Destroyer Escort as Commanding Officer. Separated to inactive 28 July 1946. Now Commanding Officer of Organized Surface Division 6-24, Durham, N. C. Campaign ribbons: American Defense, American Theatre, European-African, Pacific-Asiatic, (with 7 Battle Stars). Also, U.S. Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon received for duty aboard U. S. S. South Dakota and the Victory Ribbon.

Margaret Cameron Skillen. "I entered service as a Second Lieutenant, Army Nurses Corps, A.N.S. on June 15, 1941; was stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina; Camp Rucker, Alabama; Fort Mason, San Francisco, California; Camp Stoneman, Pittsburgh, California; and Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. We departed for India on April 22, 1943, and arrived at Karachi, India on July 8, 1943; being assigned to 181st General Hospital for sixteen months. I was then transferred to the 371st Station Hospital at Ramgrah, India in October 1944, (the fatal grounds: Met Major James R. Skillen, Dental Corps also assigned to 371st Station Hospital). I flew home for a forty-five days leave-(Major Skillen and I married in the First Presbyterian Church, Durham, North Carolina by Rev. Kelsey Regen), but had to return to Kanchapara, India on June 1, 1945 to remain there until November 1945. I again arrived in the United States on November 24, 1945 to be released from service on November 28, 1945 as Captain of the Army Nurses Corps, A.N.S. - (very interesting travel and experiences!)

Charles R. Skinner, Jr., entered the Army in March, 1942 and after a serious illness following an operation received an honorable discharge in July of that year.

Walter Gold Smith (U.S.N.R.) served in the U. S. Navy from July 1, 1941 - Dec. 31, 1945. During that time he rose from Ensign to Lieutenant (S.G.) and was appointed Lieutenant Commander upon discharge but did not accept it. His tour of duty included: Ordinance Inspector's School at Navy Yard Washington, D. C. Navy Inspector of Ordinance at the C. L. Norden Factory in New York City Resident Naval Inspector of Ordinance at Robbins L. Myers Inc., Springfield, Ohio. RNIO at Danbury, Conn., RNIO at Elmisa, N. Y. All the above assignments were projects of the Bureau of Ordinance

connected with the Manufacture testing and the administration of contracts for the bombing approach equipment for Airplanes. In Feb. 1945 the Ordinance project was completed, and Walter went to Norfolk, Va., and attended a Gunnery Officer's School for three months and later acted as Gunnery Officer the last two months of the war, aboard the Merchant Marine Vessel S.S. Fred C. Stebbins: reaching England and France.

Waverly G. Smith was a member of the U. S. Marine Corps from March 1944 to July 1946. He was stationed first at Paris Island, then Camp Lejune, later at Chicago, then to the College of the Ozarks, Arkansas. After that a time at Corpus Christi, Texas, Cherry Point, Fort Worth, Texas and Cherry Point, again. Waverly says: "No battles, no awards, spent my time in Radar Technician School, became thoroughly trained and the war ended."

John A. Spencer entered the service in March 1941, and with the exception of one year spent at Vancouver, Washington, he was stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia with the Quartermaster Technical Training Service. He was made instructor in the school with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. After receiving his discharge in 1947 he returned to the same department at Camp Lee, and is in charge of Printing.

Walter Clyde Stone was with the 40th SPA Camp Sqdn., first in England and later on the Continent.

Ralph N. Strayhorn, Jr.: was stationed during July 1, 1943 - Feb. 25, 1944 with V-12 Unit Chapel Hill, N. C., where he was commissioned Ensign in Navy Feb. 28, 1944. From March 5, 1944 - April 11, 1944 he was with U. S. Naval Frontier Base Charleston, S. C. From April 12, 1944 - June 23, 1944 received sub-chaser training Center, Miami, Fla. On July 20, 1944 he left San Francisco, and arrived Pearl Harbor July 28, 1944. On Aug. 8, 1944 he departed Pearl Harbor via air for Guadacanal. Sept. 4, 1944 reported aboard USS SC 1039 at Tulagi, where he remained for ensuing 19 months, during which time he visited: Expirite Santos, N. H., Brisbane, Australia, Sydney, Australia, Elate, N. H., Guadacanal, Eniweitok Atoll, Guam, Ulithi, Majuro, Johnson Island, Pearl Harbor, San Francisco, Seattle. In July 1945 he was promotedto Lieutenant (j.g.) and became skipper of the ship in August, 1945. Returned to Seattle in January 1946, and after 30 days leave reported to Charleston, S. C., for duty at U. S. Naval Separation Center until he was discharged June 1, 1946.

Harry Gordon Tuggle--Boot training at Bainbridge, Md. and was stationed at Camp Peary, Va., until the war ended.

Captain T. T. Tyren: Commanding Officer - Ordinance 369th ORD. MAINT. CO. (AA) 1941-42. Length of service : 4½ years - 9 months Hawaiian Islands, 9½ months Germany, 7th Army (1945)

Citations: American Theater Ribbon, European-Asiatic Ribbon (2 Stars) American-Pacific Ribbon, Germany Occupation Ribbon. Ted was called to service in June, 1941, and was a Second Lieut. with the 106th O.D. Co. when they were shipped to the Hawaiian Islands August 1941. He arrived back in the States April 1942, began activating the 369th Ord. Maint. Co. (AA) and finally landed in France in January 1945, and was assigned to the Seventh Army. After spending almost eight months in Germany he was sent home in October 1945, all equipment and records packed and shipped for the C.B.I. Theatre, but the Japanese surrender saved him. Ted de-activated the 369th Ord. Co. at Fort Bliss, Texas, and was discharged on Dec. 13, 1945, at 1313 hours, and rode Pullman Berth No. 13 home -- a lucky boy.

Jack D. Underwood was trained at Ft. Myers, Fla. He was later commissioned and awarded the silver wings of a pilot at Spencer Field, Ga. He was also stationed at Dale Mabry Field in Tallahassee, Fla.

John T. Underwood, U. S. N.-After five years in a sub chaser traveling all over the Pacific, he was stationed at New London Base-and there to Groton, Conn. for further training. He flew from Midway via Hawaii for a 15 day leave and was sent to New London Sub Base.

Robert W. Van Nuise served first in the Field Artillery (horse drawn) and then in the Finance Department. On the day Camp Butner was activated his group arrived as Cadre to get things started. His rank was Master Sergent and his duty, Chief Clerk of the Fiscal Division at the camp. The length of his service was four years and six months. Sergent Van Nuise joined our Church while here saying: "The services and the manner in which they are conducted are of great worth to me." - He later wrote: As result of the favorable impression of the Sough gained during my service there, I have been able to correct some erroneous ideas which some Northerners have regarding the South.

Locklin M. Ward was inducted as private June 12, 1942. Took Basic Training for one month at Keesler Field, Miss., went through Airplane Mechanics School and finished in Dec. 1942. Then he was selected as an instructor in the Instruments Branch of Airplane mechanics school. In July of 1943 he was sent to Spear Gryroscope School in Brooklyn, N.Y. for further training and returned to Keesler Field after six weeks. In Sept. 1943 he was selected to go to O.C.S. at Miami Beach, (Air Corps administrative), after two months he was sent to Harvard Business School at Cambridge. He graduated from statistical school as a 2nd Lt. on Jan. 7, 1944 and was sent to Dayton, Ohio, where he was stationed at Patterson Field in the Air Technical service Command. From Patterson Field he was sent to Oakland, California as Chief of Airplane and Engine Branch of the Statistical Control Section of the Pacific Overseas Air Technical

service Command. Later he was transferred to Intransit Depot #3 of the same command, as Asst. Chief of the Statistical Control Section for ID3 which was also in Oakland where he remained until the end of the war. Locklin was promoted to First Lieutenant June 22, 1945. He was discharged at Camp Beale, California and returned home in March 1946. Incidentally he was discharged on Valentines Day (1946) "My best Valentine to date" he adds. He was in the service three years and eight months.

Kenneth I. Weeks was commisioned Lt. (j.g.) MCUSNR Sept. 1943, and was on active duty July 10, 1944 - June 12, 1946. His duty stations were as follows: USNH Charleston, S. C., Amphibious Training Base, Little Creek, Va., L.S.M. Group Medical Officer, stationed afloat LSM's from Dec. 1, 1944 to Feb. 1945. Aboard LST Hospital Ship 950 from March 1945 to July 1945. Kenneth participated in the Okinawa assault wave, Theho Shima and Aguni assault waves and invasions, Saipan, M.S. USN Dispensary July 1945 to Feb. 1946. He returned to U. S. A. in March 1946, and was separated at Charleston, S. C., June 1946 Lt. (MC) USNR.

Finley T. White: August 1942* - October 1942 was sent Naval Air Station, Quonsett Point, R. I. - Indoctrination from Oct. 1942 - January 1944 he was stationed at the Naval Air Station, Corpus Christi, Texas. Naval Auxiliary Air Station, Waldron Field, Texas. Aircrafe Maintenance and Overhaul Officer for Torpedo Squadron 16, in charge of 160 advanced trainers, hangar shops, maintenance crews, overhaul schedules, etc. Collateral duties - Training Officer for 600 enlisted men, Salvage and Conservation Officer, Senior Watch Officer, and Senior member of the examination board giving enlisted men their promotions. From January 1944 - January 1945 with Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., acting head of the Trainer Aircraft Design Branch. Engineering Division of the Bureau of Aeronautics, in charge of all matters pertaining to engineering on all Navy training aircraft; initiated the design of the XNQ-1 and the XSN2J Airplanes. From January 1945 - December 1945 was Assistant Director of Aircraft Disposal, Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He was detailed to this job by the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics to represent the Navy in RFC in the development and organization of the surplus aircraft disposal program. *From March 1942 until August 1942, after he had received his Navy Commission, but before he was ordered to active duty, he worked with the Army in the Office of the Quartermaster General in Washington as head of the Textile Section, Resources Division--translating military requirements into terms of raw materials, production facilities, etc., and planning and directing Product Research, development and engineering of Army Textile Equipate.

Wallace Wade entered the service in March 1942, as a Major of the Field Artillery. In October, 1942, he was promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel. In March, 1944, he went overseas as Commanding Officer 240 mm. F. A. Bn. While in Europe, he partici-

pated in four major campaigns and received as decorations the Croix de Guerre with Palm and the Bronze Star. He returned to the United States July 6, 1945 and was separated from Service July 13, 1945.

Wallace Wade, Jr. was First Lieutenant in Field Artillery. Served as Forward Observer in 9th Infantry Division and as Aerial Observer in 32nd Field Artillery Brigade. Holds seven battle stars. He participated in North African Invasion, in Tunisian Campaign, in Sicilian Campaign, in Normany Campaign, and in other campaigns into Germany. He was overseas three and one-half years. Participated in Military Government for six months after cessation of hostilities. He holds Air Medal and Bronze Star Medal.

Joseph A.C. Wadsworth, M.D. entered the Army Air Forces on March 6, 1942 as a Flight Surgeon. He says, "My entire army career was spent in these United States, and to break down my tour would be most unimpressive."

Doris E. Wall-served in the Pacific and was later stationed at Cherry Point, N. C.

Charles Wallace--Engr. Cas. Det. 1st 1664 S.U. Camp Ellis, Ill.

George A. Warren, Jr. enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps Dec., 1943 and went through Boot Camp in San Diego, Cal. He was stationed at Camp Pendleton, Cal. until August, 1944 and then transferred to Hilo, Hawaii with Co. 1 3rd Bn. 27th Marines, Fifth Marine Div. George participated in Iwo Jima and in the occupation of Japan. He was stationed in the following towns on the island of Kyushu; Saseb9 Anioura, Kurume, Mijazaki, and Shintsukabaan. Citations: Asiatic and Pacific Ribbons (with a star), Presidential Unit Citation (with star), Occupation Medal (Japan), and Victory Ribbon. George was twenty-two months on overseas duty, and received his discharge May, 1946.

Joseph Leyburn Wilkerson: Lieutenant, Medical Corps. United States Naval Reserve. Was in active duty from June 1944 until September 1946. He was commissioned as Lieutenant, J.G. in the Naval Reserve in 1942 but completed internship before being called to duty. Served as Resident Physician at Toledo Hospital, Toledo, Ohio at request of Procurrement and Assignment Service. He entered active duty at Great Lakes, Ill., in June 1944. Subsequently received training at Norfolk, Va., and Solomons, Maryland. Served as group Medical Officer for a group of small ships in the Pacific from November 1944 until February 1946. Action in the Pacific and for 6 weeks at Okinawa. Bronze Star and President Unit Citation for action off Okinawa in April and May of 1945. He participated in occupation of Japan from September 1945 until November 1945. He engaged in mine sweeping activity in the Japanese and Korean waters in November and December. Returned to States in February 1946. From February until July he was connected with the Nineteenth fleet on West coast in Medical Property Office. Made Lieutenant in January 1946. Released to inactive duty at separation center in Los Angeles, Calif. Length of service, two years.

D. M. Williams, Jr.,(Dan) entered the Navy August 1945 - and was sent to Camp Peary for training - From there he went to San Francisco, where he embarked for Japan and was stationed at Sasibo, near Nagasaki. He was stationed for a short while at Shanghi, Guam, and the Phillipines. He returned to San Francisco August 1946 and was sent to Norfolk where he received his discharge.

Fred J. Williams, Jr. Served as artillery observer attached to Infantry Co. 307th Combat Tem, 77th Division. He received his induction at Fort Bragg, N. C., then was sent to Fort Jackson, S. C. He participated in N. C. and Lousiana manuevers; was stationed at different times at Fort Sill, Okla, and Camp Hyder, Arizona. He attended Allied Military Government School at the University of Maryland, and then was sent to Camp Pickett, Va. His operations in the Pacific Area centered around Guam, Leyte (P.I.) Lower Kerroma, Rhetto, Ie Shima, Okinawa. He received a severe machine gun wound while in the Philippines. Fred was in the service from April 1941 through October 1945. Citations -- Silver Star and Purple Heart.

Charles T. Wilson served in United States Navy, stationed at Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va. As machinery repairs to all naval ships coming into the Norfolk area except the ones which were repaired at the Norfolk Navy Yard in Portsmouth, This included planning the work and locating the materials and men necessary to do the work in both private ship yards and the naval facilities available. The length of his service was thirty months - May 1943 to December 1945. He entered as Lt (j.g.) and was promoted to Lt. Senior Grade.

Robert R. Wilson served with the Historial Service Board from 1943-45 as Advisor on Commercial Treaties, in the Department of State, Washington, D. C. From 1944-46 he was temporarily detached to the American Embassy in China..

R. C. Winston: 78th Divison. He joined the First Presbyterian Church while stationed at Camp Butner.

Eugene Wily was with the Anti Aircraft Artillery (AWW) was stationed at Camp Stewart, Georgia June 1943 - Jan. 1944. Richmond Air Base, Richmond, Va., Jan., 1944 - April 1944. Camp Davis, N. C., April 1944 - August 1944. Was sent overseas, where he served for 15 months in France, Belgium, and Germany. He was discharged December 1945.

Fleming Wily entered the Navy in August 1942, and reported to Indoctrination School at Quonset Point, R. I., on the 17th of that month, and was there for two months. In October 1942 he was assigned to the Naval Air Station at Dallas, Texas, where he remained

until August 1945. During the time he was stationed in Dallas he served in the Aviation Training Department in various capacities. He also served as Officer of the Day and as Ration Officer and Assistant Security Officer. He reported to Edenton, N. C. in August 1945 and was there until he was discharged from service in November 1945. He entered the Navy as a Lieutenant Senior Grade and when he was discharged held the rank of Lieutenant Commander.

Thomas Clarkson Worth, Jr., was Officer in U.S. Naval Reserve, Supply Corps. He has active duty June 1941, and saw service in Iceland aboard U.S.S. Yukon, a supply ship from September 1941 to February 1942. He also served in the Destroyer Division 15, U.S.S. September at Scapa Flow and later with Task Group, relieving Malta in April 1942. Clarkson was on U.S.S. Stack Destroyer from May 1942 to September 1943, participating in the original Guadacanal landing and New Georgia Campaign one year later (Battle of Dela Gulf) After his return to the States he was stationed at Naval station, Portland Maine from October 1943 to July 1945, and in August 1945 he was on the U.S.S. Memphis (cruiser) in European waters. He was released to inactive duty in September 1945 as Lieutenant Commander.

E. S. Alexander entered the Army in 1943 and received his training in Miss., and Ga., While serving in the Air Corp he participated in 35 Missions over Germany. He was awarded the Coveted Air Medal.

John Coburn Alexander was on duty on the Air Craft Carrier U.S.S. Lade Champlain.

J. C. Alexander (Chuck) entered the Air Corps Jan. 1942 and was stationed at Buckingham Field, Florida. He completed 35 Missions as Pilot of a B-25, and was made firght commander- He was decorated after completing fifty missions with the 15th Air force, in Italy. He returned to this country and was located at Chenault Field, Ill. He was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in action against the enemy.

Stewart M. Alexander (Skip) was stationed in Florida and later attended O.C.S. Transportation Corps School, in New Orleans, where he received his commission as Second Lieutenant, and then was with the 377th T. C. Harbor Craft Co., at Dutch, New Guinea.

Hubert M. Brown, Jr. was inducted Nov. 22nd 1942- at Fort Bragg, N. C. and assigned to the Medical Division, Fourth Army, Moore General Hospital, Swannanoa, N. C. He spent his entire time there until his Medical discharge-March 31, 1943.

James K. Brown (Irene Hulse's husband) served in the United States Navy as Chief Petty Officer and was stationed on NCB, NCTC, Williamsburg, Va., Station Crew, Camp Peary, Virginia. U.S.S. Hamlin (AV-15) CASU (F) 15. He participated in the invasion of Iwo Jima and was stationed at Saipan after invasion of Iwo Jima until end of war. The medals were as follow: American Area, Asiatic-Pacific and one Star, Victory-World War II. J. K. entered September 29, 1943 and was discharged on December 13, 1945. He came through the war without a scratch. His comment: "The 13th may be unlucky for some people, but it was mighty lucky day for me - that was the day I became a plain U. S. Citizen again."

Lanis Bishop (Frances Hoover's husband) Hdq. AAATC Camp Stewart, Ga., Armored School Ft. Knox, Ky.

Manuel Bretana (Helen Thompson's husband) After four years' service in the infantry, several months of this time spent in Hawaii following Pearl Harbor, Lt. Manuel Bretana transferred to the Army Air Forces in June 1943. A year of concentrated training culminated in his leaving the States in June 1944 for England where he underwent further specialized training flying a P47

Thunderbolt, the plane he was to fly in combat. In August he was assigned to the Ninth Tactical Air Force then stationed in France. As the fighting progressed his outfit moved into Belgium and was stationed here during the "Battle of the Bulge." Because of the heavy fighting the relief that had been promised did not arrive - perhaps the Army was afraid to replace the experienced pilots with inexperienced ones at such a strategic time. On February 2, 1945 Lt. Bretana was shot down over Bergheim Germany on his fifty-fourth mission. For many months he was among those "missing in action," but in December 1945 he was officially reported killed. The following citations were awarded him posthumously:
Distinguished Flying Cross "For extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight against the enemy in the European Theater of Operations on 2 January 1945. While attacking concentrated enemy installations in ***, Lieutenant Bretana distinguished himself by exceptional skill and alertness in identifying a large concentration of vehicles in a wooded area, well camouflaged by snow. He aggressively attacked his objective and bombed and strafed the concentration personally accounting for the destruction of eight trucks and an undetermined number of personnel. The outstanding airmanship, courage in the face of great danger and devotion to duty displayed by Lieutenant Bretana on this occasion reflect great credit upon himself and the Army Air Forces."
Air Medal, One Silver and Two Bronze Oak Leaf Clusters "In recognition of meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flights in the European Theater of Operations."

John W. Carr III entered the Army as a private, December 1943 and was honorably discharged in January, 1944. He entered the Navy as an Ensign in January, 1944 and trained in Radar during the entire year at Bowdin College, Bowden, Maine, M.Y.T., Boston, Massachusetts, and Bell Laboratories, New York, N. Y. Then he served as Radar Officer, Aircraft Carrier Boxer, from February, 1945 thru July, 1946.

Gordon W. Carver (Doris Matthews husband) enlisted in the Navy in March 1942 at the Naval Recruiting Station in Raleigh, as apprentice seaman. He took his basic training at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island. Then he went to the U. S. Naval Hospital Corp School in Brooklyn, New York for six weeks training period. Gordon was now a Hospital Apprentice, 2nd Class, and was transferred to the U. S. Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland for further training, and during the nine months there obtained the grade of Hospital Apprentice, 1st Class to P.H.M. 3rd Class, and P.H.M. 2nd Class. He was transferred to Naval Air Station, Hutchinson, Kansas, where he stayed for five months. Upon obtaining the rating of P.H.M. 1st Class he was transferred to the U. S. S. Canberra, a heavy cruiser. In January Gordon was again transferred to the U.S.S. Blessman, a destroyer escort, which participated in the invasion of France, arriving at the channel just off the Isle of Wight at H hour - five. Their command ship was the U.S.S. Texas. They remained in the channel for nine days they returned to the United States alone.

Having received the rating of Chief P.H.M. aboard the Blessman, Gordon was transferred to the U.S.S. Fleet Marine Force joining the 2nd Marine Division in Saipan from there they participated in the invasion of Okinawa. He was returned to Saipan in June 1945, and remained there until the war ended. He was sent to Japan for occupational duty, stationed at Nagasaki, where he remained until November 1945, and from there came to Nashville, Tenn., to receive his discharge on Thanksgiving Day, 1945.

A. B. Causey was in the Pacific area for several years. According to his report, his only action was against the jungle and mosquitoes, which made him prefer the enemy. He was with Bty-A-202 N.C. Bn. AAA-AW.

Elwood Young Chase entered service at Fort Bragg, N. C. as a private, Jan. 28, 1942 at age of 21-and was sent to Camp Roberson, Ark., for his basic training in the Medical Batallion. From there he was sent to Barksdale Field, La. with an Air Force Medical Detachment and later went to Camp Stone, Ga., which he says marked the end of freedom for three years beginning with eight months on New Caledonia there to Solomons and Russell Isle forover a year, serving as crash ambulance driver. He was later shipped to the Phillipines landing off the coast of Leyte where he joined the 13th Air Fo ce and also became a Pvt. 1st class. Received his discharge October 2, 1945 having won a Bronze Star, Good conduct medal and Phillipine Liberation Ribbon with Bronze star.

Harold McDowell Chase was inducted into service Sept. 15, 1942 at Fort Bragg. From there he was sent to Camp White, Oregon as Technical Dental helper in the 80th General Hospital. According to Harold his best service was as carpenter and cook for his rolls and pies gained him quite a reputation. He was up for rating, when illness intervened, later received a discharge February 26, 1943 with Good conduct medal.

Rodney Livingstone Chase enlisted in the Navy as 2nd class Seaman April 1945 at the age of 18. After six weeks of Boot training at Bainbridge, Md., he was sent to U.S.N. Amphibian Base at Little Creek Va., where he served as Fireman 2nd class. While his ambition was to go over in the Pacific Area he worked at this base for thirteen months operating Amphibious boats, doing storm duty usually. He received his discharge at Camp Shelton, Va., on July 30, 1946. For his service he has the Victory ribbon of World War II in the American Theatre.

R. W. Clark (Frances Wade's husband) entered the Army January 1941 as private in Quartermaster's Corps. He was sent to Officer's candidate school at Camp Lee, Va., in July 1942, and after graudating came to Camp Butner where he was stationed until he received his discharge in Jan. 1946. He left the service with the rank of Captain.

Matthew A. Coleman joined the 125th U. S. Naval Construction Battalion at Camp Peary, Virginia, which was later sent to Rhode Island and then to California. From there they had their last glimpse of North America for some time. The first stop was Pearl Harbor, the next was Okinawa, before the island was secured, and they went to work on the Yonabarn Airstip. The 125th Battalion was adopted by the State of Mississippi as "Mississippi Rebels." Matthew was wounded while in action against the enemy June 22, 1945, and was awarded the Purple Heart. He also received the Navy Bronze Star. Matthew's sudden death in August 1947 was caused by injuries received during the war.

William S. Credle (Margaret Frank's Husband) entered the U. S Navy, Medical Corps, as a Lieutenant Commander he was stationed at Camp Lejeuen, North Carolina, Pensacola, NAS; Settle NAS; Fleet Air Wing-4, Attn., T. A. from February 1944 to April 1945. Was Flight Surgeon with Navy Air Corps.

I. C. Croft (Mary Elizabeth McDonald's husband) was Corporal in 949th M.V.D. Ordinance Company, and was stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia, Camp Butner, Durham, N. C. Red River Ordinance Depot, Texarkana, Texas; Miles Standish, Tauntan, Mass.; Tauntan, England; and Cherberg and Marseilles, France. He went into service in June 1942 at Fort Jackson, S. C., and was discharged in December 1945. He received two Battle Stars.

John C. Cummings Lt. (j.g.) (Ruth O'Brians's husband) was on an Amphibious Craft in the Pacific, participating in the Philippine and Okinawa campaign. He was commanding officer of an L.S.M. with rank of Lieutenant (Senior Grade).

Corporal Roy H. Ferguson was in the Army Air Force, serving as an Aerial Engineer on a B-24 Bomber. He entered the service in March 1941, trained at Keesler Field, Miss., Texas, Tonopah, Nevada, and Hamilton Field, Cal. He was sent to Italy the later part of July 1944 and was in active service only about ten days when he was killed in action on a mission to France on August 15, 1044. He is buried in a U. S. military Cemetery in Bari, Italy. His family has received the Purple Heart Medal from the Government.

F. L. Fuller, III- Frank enlisted in the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry in February 1941. Later this was incorporated into the 104th United States Cavalry Regiment. They were stationed at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, and maneuvered in North Carolina during the Fall of 1941. Shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, he went to Officers Training School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where he completed the course and was made a Second Lieutenant and assigned to the Fourth Armored Division at Pine Camp, New York. He was promoted to First Lieutenant and stayed with that Division through the Tennessee maneuvers and its tour of duty in the California desert. Later he was assigned as Aide to General Kilbourne of the Eleventh

Armored Division. After serving with it in Louisiana and Texas he was sent back to Fort Knox as an instructor. From there he was sent to Italy, where he served with irregular troops until the end of the war there. After that he was Manager and Coach of the Fifth Army Track Team, which he took to Germany and France for meets with other army teams. He returned to the United States October 1, 1945, and was mustered out of the Federal service October 7, 1945.

Henry Gifford (Hank) -Alice Johnson's husband, was inducted into the army, at Phoenix, Arizona, March, 1941, and trained at Camp Collon near San Diego, California. He was sent overseas in December, 1941, shortly after Pearl Harbor, spending seventeen months in the Pacific Theatre of Operations, and saw action with the Tank Force 914. Hank was returned to the states in July 1943 and in September, of that year was transferred to the 78th Division, at Camp Butner, N. C. In October, 1944, he was sent to the E. T. O. and saw action in Germany. He received hid discharge at Fort Bragg, in October, 1945. During his army career, Hank was cited for "exceptional service" in training Infantry troops and mentioned for the Legion of Merit in the E. T. O.; he received the Bronze Star for observing artillery fire while under enemy observation and fire. Altogether he received six Battle Stars, three from the Pacific and three from E. T. O.

Lewis W. Gregory was inducted at Fort Bragg on August 13, 1945 "the day before the whole thing ended." Transferred to Sheppard Field, Wichita Falls, Texas for AAF Basic Training. Upon completion of Basic Training and pending transfer to Radar School was retained as temporary instructor in Airport Traffic Control Tower School. Took a two month course in Radar Operator School at Camp Pinedale, Fresno, California. Retained as Instructor in this school for approximately two months at which time was accepted for Officer Candidate School. Entered OCS at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. At the end of the first three months of OCS was appointed Squadron Commander of Squadron A with grade O/C Major. Graduated and Commissioned on June 22, 1945. Assigned to 1st Air Weather group, Langley Field, Virginia as Assistant Operations Officer. Group moved a week later to Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, Florida and was renamed 308th Reconnaissance Group, Very Long Range, Weather. The function of the organization was to fly missions to determine weather conditions in sectors all over the globe. Units were stationed in Alaska, the Azores, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Carribean, Hawaii, San Francisco, and Massachusetts. Aircraft used were B-29, B-17, and B-25. Function of the parent unit was to search out hurricanes off the Florida coast, fly into them, take readings as to their strength, and plot their course. After seven months in Florida transferred to Headquarters Air Transport Command, National Airport, Washington. Duty, Assistant Personnel Officer.

Terminal leave began June 4, 1947 and in the following eighteen days toured the country by air with two other men of the same outfit. Cities visited included Tulsa, San Francisco, Long Beach, Catalina Island, Pensacola, Jacksonville, Palm Beach, Montgomery, Alabama, and Norfolk, Virginia. A three day trip to Durham wound it up and on June 22, 1947 was separated at Bolling Field, Washington, D.C.

Finley Gwyne Harper (Mary Banks McPherson's husband) entered the Navy (U.S.N.R.) in September, 1942 and served as Intelligence Officer in Washington until March, 1944. Then he was ordered to the Pacific as Flag secretary to Commander Service Squadron 12. They remained in combat areas until November after the war's end in August, 1945. He received a Letter of Commendation with ribbon from the Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet.

M. W. Harriss, Jr. (Blanner Bower's husband) was inducted at Fort Bragg, N. C. April 6, 1943. He served in B.T.C. in St. Petersburg, Florida, Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, Barksdale Field, La., and Buckley Field, Colo,, in the Air Corp for the entire period of service. He was discharged February 2, 1946 at Lowry Field, Denver, Colo., as Sergeant.

Hill, George Watts, Jr., U.S.N.R. volunteered for V-5, U.S.N.R. January 1943. Ordered to active duty, N.R.O.T.C. Hampton-Sydney College, July 1, 1943. Princeton University, July 1, 1944, N.R.O.T.C. Honorably discharged June 25, 1945. University of North C rolina N.R.O.T.C. course, September 1945 to June 1946. Upon graduation, commissioned Ensign, U.S.N.R.

Hal V. Hoover,Jr. enlisted in the Army and was inducted at Fort Bragg, N.C., June 25, 1941. Received basic training at Camp Wheeler, Ga., and was then assigned to the 47th Infantry of the Ninth Division. He attended Divisional Radio School at Fort Benning, Ga., for a three month period and was made Radio Chief of his section. After Amphibious training in various parts of North Carolina, his outfit was sent to Africa for the invasion. They landed at Safi, French Morocca early in November. After fighting through Tunisia and Bizerta, he left for Sicily. Fought through the invasion and taking of Sicily and was sent to England for a short rest and more training. Left England the day after the invasion of France, and landed near Cherbourg. After taking Cherbourg and fighting their way to St. Jean de Day, Hal was captured by an S. S. Drive, whose intentions were to cut through our lines to the coast. A medical station was also taken at this time. When Hal was captured, he was setting up communications equipment in an old barn. This position was just ahead of his outfit. At the time he was alone except for the driver of the jeep. This man was injured when the Storm Troupers threw a "potato masher" through the window of the barn to determine if anyone was in there. Hal was not injured in anyway and at the time did not have any fighting equipment handy. He walked and rode trucks back to the German C. P., where they were

held for about a week for interrogation. After this they were taken by trucks to a transit camp at Alencon for a few more days, then to another camp at Chartres, France. From there they were taken by bus to Paris where they were put in box cars and taken to another transit camp at Charlon, France. Then some more box car traveling on to Trier, Germany. By still more box cars at last they reached their final destination, Stalag 3C, Juestrin, Germany on the Oder River about forty miles from Berlin. Up to this time they had received very little food or water. The box cars were very crowded, dirty and all boarded up. The food usually consisted of watery rhudabager soup and a slice of bread once in awhile which tasted very much like sawdust. The Red Cross parcels were their salvation, but they were few and far between and had to be shared by several men. As for heating the shack, one bucket of coal a week or ten days was given them. The Christmas Red Cross parcels came through all right and were life-savers. About the first of February, 1945 the Russians liberated the camp. The Russians afforded them no means of transportation but told them to head for Warsaw, Poland, where they could board a train to Odessa, Russia on the Black Sea, and thus gain contact with American and British ships. They walked or rode whatever they could find left behind and lived off the fat of the land. Warsaw was crowded by other "ex-guests of the Germans" who had been liberated too. It took some time to get the train for Odessa. They were now in charge of the Russians but American officials came to contact them. Arrangements were made for them to board a British transport, which took them to Port Said, Egypt. After staying there and getting de-loused and eating all he could, he left for Naples, Italv. In Naples he got more clothes and rations. Then the final "Happy" voyage to Boston, Mass., where he landed April 8, 1945. The week there was very long but necessary. Home at last and ninety day furlough with Camp Butner his headquarters. The war was over and the point system was established during this furlough. His discharge was official on August 5, 1945. The 47th received five Presidential Citations.

Kenneth Korstian enlisted as a private in A.U.S., his branch of service the Infantry and was a part of the Ninth Division which was stationed in France and Germany from Jan. 1945 to July 1946. During his two years of service his wedding had to be postponed as orders came for overseas duty before plans could be completed. His decorations and citations during that time are: Good conduct medal, Army commendation Ribbon, European African Middle Eastern Theatre Ribbon, World War II Ribbon, Victory Ribbon, Combat Infantry Badge, Army occupation Medal (Germany).

Flight Officer Louis N. McGranahan, Jr. entered service on July 6, 1942 and received his wings November 3, 1943 at Stockton Field, California. After this he served as Co-Pilot on a B-17 stationed in England. Louis was killed in action June 14, 1944 on tenth bombing mission. His body was recovered in the English Channel, and is buried in England. His family received his Air Medal and Purple Heart at Camp Ord in Greensboro. He was twenty-six years old at the time of his death.

George K. Matthis was inducted into the Army April 2, 1942 at Ft. Bragg and from there was sent to Ft. Knox, Ky. for basic training with the 8th Armored Division. In January 1943 he was transferred to Camp Campbell, Ky., and in February sent to O.C.S. in Combat Engineering at Ft., Belvoir, Va. from which he graduated May 12 and sailed for England May 30 of '43. He was sent from there to Italy remaining there until January 1944 then he was again sent to England where his outfit trained for the Invasion, and was among the first to enter France on D Day. George said he didn't take advantage of the opportunity to acquire a little practical French, because he didn't think he would ever use it. They fought and worked through France, Belgium, Luxumberg, and Germany. His terminal leave expired February 1946 and he was then discharged. He received six Combat Stars was awarded the Purple Heart and received with his outfit the Presidential Citation.

H. L. Penn--2571st Station Camp-Motor Co., Ft. Belvin, Va.

Ensign Richard Bliss Pethick Bombing Squadron 14, USS Carrier Wasp, Task Force 58 was assigned to Georgia Pre Flight School in August 1942. Secondary training at Memphis, then Pensacola Naval Air Base, where he received his wings and commission as Ensign in May 1943. In December 1943 he was assigned to the Aircraft Carrier Wasp as a dive bomber pilot and left for the Pacific in March 1944. First mission May 21, 1944. Missing in action following attack on Japanese Fleet June 20, 1944 in "First Battle of the Philippine Sea." Navy Air Medal and Presidential Citation, Purple Heart sent to his wife, Rebecca Neal Pethick, Southern Pines, N.C.

John G. Ramsbottom (Louise Strayhorn's husband) After completing his internship, he entered the Army and was stationed with the Medical Detachment at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Zalph Lakey Rochelle was commissioned Lt. (j.g.) at Hollywood Beach, Fla., April 16, 1943. Retired to inactive duty in Washington, D.C., Feb. 5, 1947. Awarded a bronze star in the Mediteranean Sea "for faithfulness beyond the call of duty." In command of Liberty ship, John N. Maffett and Liberty ship, Noah Brown. Served in both the European and Pacific areas. The last six months was attached to the Bureau of Personel in Washington, D.C. and San Francisco. Cal.

Theron Rogers (Betty Rogers' brother)--completed 35 missions over Germany. He won his fifth Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal while serving with the 8th Air Force in England as an Engineer and Top Turret Gunner on a B-17 flying fort.

Steed Rollins (Mossette Rigsbee's husband) was in the Air Corps of the 8th Fighter Squadron of the 49th Fighter Group. He was in

the service forty-seven months, thirty-five of which were spent overseas, being with the first convoy to sail after Pearl Harbor. His Unit held the Japanese at Port Darwin from air attack upon Australia in the early stages of the war. Steed was in New Guinea almost two years and Biak Island several months before returning to the States for reassignment. After seven months at Overseas Replacement in Greensboro he was discharged with the rank of First Sargeant.

James P. Rose, Jr., was with the 97th Air Service Squadron, 82nd Service Group. He was stationed at Hemet Field, California, Seymour Johnson Field, Goldsboro, North Carolina, and at Nashville, Tenn., at the Army Air Center. After about two and a half years he shipped on the "Florence Nightingale" for England and then France. He also participated in the Rhineland Campaign, returning after two year overseas on the "General McCrae."

Walter H. Schneider (Ann Barry's husband) was stationed at Camp Livingston, Ala.,and was later in command of an Engineer Maintenance Co., serving in France. He was also with Patton's Third Army in Germany.

Norman Separk's branch of service was the United States Marine Corp. The division was the "Fighting Sixth Marine Division." He was stationed in Guadacanal, Okinawa, and Guam. In Guadacanal for five months in 1944 and the first three months of 1945; the invasion of Okinawa for five months in 1945 and then two months more on Guam. Then to the States for discharge. The length of service was three years and two months. Before going overseas, he taught communication for two years at New River, N. C. Citations were the American Ribbon and Victory Medal. "The most interesting thing to me was that I had as my Commandinf Officer, Major Watts Carr, Jr. of Durham. A fine, outstanding Officer and gentleman."

William L. Simpson (Helen McDonald's husband) was in the U. S. Army--45th Infantry Div. He was stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C. from May 1942 to Sept. 1942, Fort Devens, Mass. from Sept. 1942 to Nov. 1942, Pine Camp, N Y. from Nov. 1942 to Jan. 1943, Camp Pickett, Va. from Jan. 1943 to May 1943, Overseas from June 1943 to July 1945, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and Germany.

Chief Boatswain-Allen Taylor Smith, U.S.N. (brother of Dr. Annie Smith) enlisted in U. S. Navy as apprentice Seaman at Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., August 1915 to serve four years, but remained in the Navy until 1940 when he was retired because of Physical disability. In April 1942 he was recalled to active duty, and in 1943 he was appointed to the rank of Chief Boatswain on the retired list in U.S. Navy for temporary service by the President. In November 1943 he was detached from Convoy Control Unit, Naval Operating Base, Trinidad, British West Indies and

ordered to Naval Training Station, Sampson, N. Y. He was awarded the American Area Campaign Medal. Chief Boatswain Smith died Dec., 18, 1943 from a Coronary attack, while in New Yirk, N. Y.

James William Smith enlisted in the Army as a Private in Oct., 1941 for one year's service. Due to his declaration of War, he was not released. After serving a short period at Fort Jackson, S. C. he was sent to officers training school at Fort Benning, Ga., and received his commission as 2nd Lieutenant, and was attached to the 30th Division, 120th Infantry at Fort Jackson, S. C. after which the entire Division was moved to Camp Blanding, Florida. He returned to officers training school at Fort Benning, Georgia where he was trained to be an officer in the Cannon Company which was attached to the 30th Division. Then he received his next promotion of 1st Lieutenant. The entire Division then moved to Camp Forest, Tennessee, and remained there until they were sent to Camp Atterbuty, Indiana from which they departed to the port of embarkation. Before going overseas in February, 1944 he was promoted to Captain and attached to Headquarters of 120th Infantry. He was killed at Saint Lo., France on August 2, 1944 while scouting enemy territory and was awarded the Purple Heart and sevefal written citations.

Raney Stanford enlisted Pvt. Air Corps in Keesler Field, Miss., June 4, 1943. Appointed a/c (aviation cadet) Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 14, 1944. Appointed Flight Officer at San Marcos Field, Texas Nov. 18, 1944. Went overseas in March, 1945 as navigator on B017's 100th Bomb Group (heavy), 8th Air Force. He was attached to European Air Transport Service Oct. 26, 1945 and engaged in duties of occupational air force from fields around Paris, France until return to U. S. on July 21, 1946.

In May, 1942, Lucy Morehead married Julian Stein. About a month later, he was inducted into the army at Petersburg, Va., and they began their "ride and die" odessy, that took them all over the U. S. in the following itinerary: Petersburg and Richmond during induction period, then to Blackstone, Va., where Joe, after eight months of "hard labor" as sweeper in the Provost Marshal's office, finally was promoted to P.F.C. which Lucy said was the greatest jump in rank in the service, as it was from "nothint to something." It was during this tour of duty at Blackstone that Lucy first encountered the housing problem, which she solved by living in a woodshed in a Blackstone backyard. From Virginia, they went, just before Christmas, in 1942, to O.C.S., at Grinnell, Iowa, from which Joe emerged a second Lieutenant, and Lucy an experienced housing expediter, as she had copped the best apartment in Iowa. They were sent to the 9th command, for which they had asked, as it gave them a chance to see the West. And they did see it. First, in a camp in Oregon, where they had to buy a house and then in the desert of Arizona, where there were no houses to buy or rent, so they lived in a desert inn and Joe saw service as Special Service Officer at a Prisoner of War Camp. Then, in 1944,

they treked back across the continent to a special school at Washington and Lee, in Lexington, Va., after which Joe was sent to the War Office in Washington in the Department of I & E or Information and Education. Somewhere along the line, he had become a first Lieutenant and after a year at Washington, he was made a Captain. Later, he was separated from the service, but they had found Washington such a pleasant place to live (and in spite of the housing shortage had found a house) that they took up residence there, and are still located in Washington, now though at Clewerwall Farm just outside of the city.

John T. Still, Jr. was commissioned U. S. Naval Reserve at Raleigh, N. C. Dec. 1, 1943, Indostrination and Training, Naval Training Station, Fort Schuyler, Bronx, N. Y., temporary duty, General Ordinance School, Naval Gun Factory, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., temporary duty, Naval Unit, Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Md., temporary duty, Naval Section Base, South Boston, Mass., Temporary duty, Naval Ammunition Depot, Hingham, Mass., temporary duty, Advanced Fuse and Explosive Ordinance Unit of Bomb Disposal School, American University, Washington, D. C., temporary duty, Naval Magazine, Hawkins Point, N. C., temporary duty, Anti-Aircraft Training Center, Pacific Beach, San Diego, Calif. duty, Anti-Aircraft Training Center, Point Montara, Calif., duty, Antri-Aircraft Training & Test Center, Dam Neck, Va. He was released from active duty at Amphibious Base, Little Creek, Va., and completed terminal leave April 15, 1946. Nothing exciting.

James Henry Stow volunteered for U.S.N.R. in 1942 and was sent to Notre Dame University, Ind., for basic training as a Midshipman. After a month he was transferred to North Western University, Chicago. In Feb., 1943 he was sent to Columbia University where he received his commission as Ensign and in June of that year was assigned to the Amphibous Division and was sent to Miami Beach, Fla., for further training, then to Solomons Base, Ind. where he was given his crew. On Sept. 30 he took his men on an observation cruise where a violent storm blew up and Ensign Storr with two of his men were swept overboard. The Seaman were rescued but Ensign Storr went down. Navy Officials claimed he was knocked unconscious and caught in the strong undercurrent.

Burr Sutter (Ethlyme Graham's husband) was an Infantry Officer assigned to the 35th Division, which was stationed in California, Ala. in 1943, Camp Butner in the spring of 1944. They sailed for England in May, 1944 and landed at Omaha Beach in Normandy July 5, 1944. With the First Army until August, then the Division was assigned to Third Army during sweep across France where they helped release the 101st Airborne Division during the Battle of the Bulge, after which the Division joined the Ninth Army in Belgium. Proceeded to the Rhine River at which time March 1945 he was sent back to the States on leave. The war in Europe ended while he was here, so was reassigned to act as an instructor at the Officers' School, Army Ground

Forces Replacement Depot, Fort Ord., Calif. Went on terminal leave in Oct. 1945. Citations received while in service were the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster. Burr received his discharge in January, 1946 and became an assistant Attorney General of the State of Arizona. Resigned August 1, 1947 to engage in private practice with the firm of Jennings, Strouss, Salmon and Trask of Phoenix.

J. R. Tisdale entered the service in August 1942 and was stationed first at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. From there he was sent to New Jersey, then to Georgia. He was stationed about a year at Seymour Johnson Field, Goldsboro, North Carolina before going to England where he served with the 67th Station Company Squadron for eighteen months. He received his discharge in February in 1946.

Carroll Finley Tomlinson, a freshman at Carolina in 1943, entered U. S. Navy in January 1944. He took Boot Training at Camp Perry, Virginia, home of the Sea-Bees. Upon completion of his training there, he became a temporary instructor before being sent to Navy V-12 Training School at Duke University to take Civil Engineering. He was later transferred to the N.R.O.T.C. Unit at the University of North Carolina and was commissioned Ensign in U. S. Navy after completing the Naval Science Course in January 1946.

Lawrence Archdale Tomlinson, Jr. was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1941 and joined the U.S.M.C. June 1941 as Private First Class. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant at Quantico, Virginia in September 1941. He sailed to American Somoa April 1942. Was promoted to First Lieutenant at Samoa Septmber 1942; promoted to Captain January 1943 at Guadalcanal. He participated in Guadalcanal, Bougainville, and Okinawa campaigns. He was promoted to Major at Okinawa in May 1945. Following Victory Day he was with the A my of Occupation in China. He was released to inactive duty, December 1945. In the spring of 1944 he was returned to U.S.A. to take six months advanced officer's training in Field A tillery at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. While in the States, he was married to Miss Sarah Sutton of Raleigh

William S. Truman was inducted into the Army at Fort Bragg, N.C. and waa discharged three years and ten months later. He was attached to the Air force and sent to a Sheet Metal School and after that joined the 16th Air Depot Group received a Citation for preparing Planes under fire in England and in Normandy where they were stationed near St. Lo. From there they went to Rheins, France, then to Munchen, Gladback, Germany. William was later transfered to the 10th Air Depto Group in Kassell, Germany, where he remained until sent home the latter part of 1945.

Harold V n Dusen was inducted into the Army April 1, 1944 and was discharged February 11, 1946, after having spent most of his time in the 10th Mountain Divisio as an Infantry man. His basic training lasted from May until August 1944, at the Infantry Replacement Center, Camp Robinson Ark. He later volunteered for the 10th Division and joined it at Camp Swift, Texas, in September 1944. The Division reached Italy about Christmas day, 1944, and received its baptism of fire on Mt. Della Torraccio, on the Appennines about twenty five miles southOeast of Bologna. After this Harold was made B A R man (automatic rifleman) for his Squad- The 10th Division spearheaded the 5th Army drive in April '45 into and across the Po Valley. Harold also participated in the surprise amphibious movement on beautiful Lake Garda in the Alps. Here the Germans made their last significant resistance before the surrender of Italy on May 2, 1945. After the surrender the 10th Division was on guard duty in the Trieste area. Harold says: "Nearly got a lucky break when I was permitted to attend the first overseas GI University at Florence. However, the Division was returned to the U.S. about then to train for the war against Japan. The sudden surrender led to the disbanding of the Division at Camp Carson, Colorada in November '45. Until discharge I served briefly as a postal clerk at Fort Logan, Colo.

Edwin R. Waite was with the Army Air Forces, Eastern Flying Command Service from May 18, 1942 November 29, 1945. He received his Flight training at Maxwell Field, Ala. La-Fayette, La.; Walnut Ridge, Ark.; Blytheville, Ar,. and Graduated from Blytheville April, 1944, going to Smyrna, Tenn., for B-24 training. He was later appointed Gunnery Pilot and Flight Instructor at Tyndall Field, Fla. and was there from July, 1944 to Nov. 1945.

M. J. Warner was with the Air Station, Elizabeth City, N. C.

J. C. Wilkinson (Martha Hoover's husband) entered service Sept. 16, 1940 with Co. D. 120th Inf. 30th Div. (Local Durham Machine Co.), Ft. Jackson, S. C. Spent 2½ years training troops. Commissioned 2nd Lt. Inf., Ft. Benning, Ga. May 12, 1943. Assigned to Training Center, Camp Wolters, Texas. (2 Mos.) 97th Div. Camp Swift, Texas, (3 Mos.) Then to army ground force Replacement Deppt, shipping men overseas, 1 year. Sent overseas and assigned to Co. H-358th Inf. 90th Div., 3rd Army. Wounded in Germany Jan. 31, 1945. Returned to U. S. May 1945. Discharged October 19, 1945 (points). Awarded-- purple heart, combat infantrymans bade, two battle stars (Rhineland Offensive & Ardennes.), Good conduct medal.

William H. Wood (Ferra M. Wood's husband) went into Federal service with the 102nd (Essex Troop) Cavalry of New Jersey on January 1, 1941, and was stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C. He was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the anti-aircraft artillary at Camp Davis in October, 1942. After that he was stationed at Camp Haan, California until he went to England in July 1944. Shortly after that he went to France and was with the Third Army there and in Germany. He returned to the United States in October 1946 and was discharged with the rank of Captain. He was awarded the Bronze Star and has five battle stars. He is returning to duty and will be stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas with the 34 AAA Brigade.

In Memoriam

How true it is that when we attempt to bring our words of memory and praise, for glowing deeds, for heroic services, then are we apt to be most inarticulate, what we leave unsaid is almost invariably more eloquent than what we manage to say. Even truer it is when we would express our gratitude to those who "gave the last full measure" of devotion for their country and their homes and for all who were to come after when the deepest emotions demand utterance, then, are we most mute.

Until death unleashed his grief Horatius could never have said to Hamlet: "Now cracks a noble heart good-night sweet Prince and flights of angels sing thee to rest."

We can only add in the spirit of Him whose death made sacrifice a glory for evermore, "Greater love than this no man can have; that he lay down his life that other men may live in peace."

* Foy Roberson, Jr.	Richard B. Pethick
Manuel T. Bretana	Allen Taylor Smith
Roy F. Ferguson	James W. Smith
L. M. McGranahan, Jr.	James Henry Stow

* Member

A CLOSING MEDITATION

"O, Lord God, when Thou givest to Thy servants to endeavor any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory, through Him that for the finishing of Thy work laid down His life. Amen."

This prayer, heard in all churches of England on a Sunday during the dark Spring of 1941, is not a new prayer. Sir Francis Drake had written it just before he crippled Phillip II's mighty Naval force against England. A year later, when the delayed Armada made a second attempt, the work Drake had begun was thoroughly finished.

With war a memory, and peace our unfinished business now, it seems as important that this prayer about the continuing of a great endeavor until it be thoroughly finished, should be heard again, as much for America's sake, as for England's.

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